

THE SATURDAY

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EDMUND DEACON,
HENRY PETERSON,

WITHOUT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

My walk was long and wearisome,
And bitter was the winter night.—
I paused before a princely home—
whose rooms were all abuzz with light—
I heard the children's joyful din,
I saw the smile their mother wore,—
For he who latest entered in,
Remembered not to shut the door.

And there was laughter, and the sweep
Of many keys by one who sang
Old songs—such melodies as keep
The heart forever warm and young.
The sharp wind entered from the street,
And crept along the velvet floor,
Till a soft voice, low-toned and sweet,
Said, with a shiver—"Shut the door!"

Aye, shut the door! shut out the cold,
Shut out the snow and bitter cold—
Shut out the friendless and the old—
Those who have grieved, and striven, and
sinned.—

Shut out the loiterers, like me,
Who dream of homes which are no more—
Shut out all want and misery
And wrong and suffering—shut the door!

Oh, home!—sweet home!—how sadly they
Whom wayward Fortune condemns to roam,
Weeping their restless lives away,

Outsides of love, and peace, and home—
Pause at thy gates, as I to-night,
Calling thy dear name o'er and o'er,
Drinking thy music and thy light.

Until the doom comes—"shut the door!"

Why list the infant's merry shout,
Why watch the mother's loving glance,
Oh, homesick soul, that waitst without,
Hindered of thine inheritance?

Why years and pine for joys which are
Deeded to thee forever more?

The inaccessible and far—
Love's Land of Promise—shut the door!

Aye, shut the door—but I shall keep
The memory of the pleasant room,
The picture walls, the curtain's sweep,
The carpet's wealth of woven bloom.

The glimmer of faces sweet and fair,
The dear old song I loved before,
The light upon the children's hair—
I have them all—now shut the door!

Original Romance.

THE CAVALIER. A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,
AUTHOR OF "BACHELOR," "DARLEY," "MARY
OF BRUNSWICK," "THE OLD DOMINION,"
etc., &c., &c.

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CHAPTER I.

One of the most curious histories which could be written would be that of the variations of taste. Wigs, powder, pigtales, hoops, wimples, fardings, patches, and thunder and lightning stockings, have all had their admirers, have all been thought indispensable to fashion and taste, and then, in a few short years have been condemned as the most hideous monstrosities by a succeeding generation. But no man has had experience enough to compile such a history. The half dozen variations which he may have seen in his own time, could give but little illustration of the subject; and, although I have faint reminiscences of powder, a vague idea of pigtales, and a distinct remembrance of ladies in tight gowns which gave them the appearance of being sewed up in sealskins, yet I do not consider that I have experience enough to treat the subject scientifically.

"If a man could be sure
That his life would endure
For a thousand long years as of yore."

he could lay himself out for such abstruse studies; but at present I must confine myself to one of those changes in the taste of romance-reading mankind which has occurred within my own knowledge, and has been somewhat puzzling to the fabricator of stories.

I remember quite well the time when long and minute descriptions of scenery, costume, armor, personal appearance—ay, and even character—were highly palatable to the reader.

The exquisite pictures afforded by the poems and romances of Sir Walter Scott were the delight of intelligent minds. Men felt in reading them as if they were gazing at the glorious handiwork of a Claude or Poussin; but we have changed all that; we hear from the lips of every little critic deep condemnations of long and wearisome descriptions; and every sort of stimulant, from blood and thunder to philosophical infidelity, is required to excite the public taste.

Fifty thousand threats cut in one chapter, five or six thousand young ladies seduced by one villain, with a reasonable admixture of gambling, swindling, drinking and lying, form the best sauce to any story that can be told, and although every now and then a work appears, which, like the great "Novel"

of Sir Edward Lytton, commands attention by its intrinsic power, few books can be produced in which cayenne pepper, in some shape, does not overbalance all the other condiments.

Now, dear reader, this is a long, laborious, but not altogether unnecessary excuse for beginning the following work by a description. The description, however, must be given, for it is impossible for any man to form an accurate conception of how any actions were performed unless he has some knowledge of where they took place. For instance, what might have been done on Salisbury Plain could not be enacted on top of one of the Pyramids of Egypt; and therefore it is that I am obliged to present a picture of the scene in which the most important events about to be detailed took place.

At the distance of about five-and-twenty miles from Paris, which, in the days of which I write was a long distance, but is now abbreviated to a mere span, there stood an old French chateau.

It stands there still, for I have been in it, and have visited with some strange feelings many, though not all, of its various nooks and corners—spots where persons not unconnected with me lived and enjoyed, died or suffered. To call a French chateau, of any period after the reign of Francis I., a building of any style of architecture would be absolutely ridiculous. The paper-box style might be as appropriate as any other name, and certainly might have been applied to the building in question, which consisted principally of numerous little towers scattered about without much regularity and joined together by flat, straight pieces of building of an older date apparently than the turrets themselves. A good many similar old buildings are still seen in Switzerland where the heavy snows afford some reason for the stately, foolscap looking, conical roofs with which the various towers are surmounted. The material is gray stone, the windows narrow and small, the rooms spacious, and for the most part floored with tiles, waxed, painted and polished. On the lower floor were some fifteen different chambers of various shapes and sizes, from the oblong dining hall, with its enormous fire-place, to the small cabinet richly ornamented with arabesques and paintings of flowers in the mode of about a century before. The outside of the house had somewhat of a gloomy appearance; but enough light and sunshine penetrated, even through these narrow windows, to give a gay, dry and wholesome air to the rooms within. The motto danced in the slanting rays; and every hour saw a new pattern drawn on the floor by the license-shaped panes of the lead casements. Around the house extended what was called a park—very different indeed from the English park, where Nature is very little assisted by Art, but cut into long alleys separated from each other by screens of the yoke elm, and filled during the spring and summer months with every variety of singing bird.

Many of the winged wanderers from other countries, the hoopoe, the oriole, the woodcock, the wild pigeon, the turtle dove, found refuge among those shades; but from the moment when, in early February, the thrush took his stand on the naked top bough, and heralded with his sweet carol the approach of warmer days, till the robin closed the year with his song amidst the snow, those long alleys and deep glades were full of music, of nature's own melodious making.

The house was not a very convenient one, except in certain parts, where some architectural skill had been displayed—for instance, where the grand staircase swept up in two great masses with wide landings at the top, showing a boldness of design and skill in execution seldom met with in modern country houses. The other parts of the dwelling were strangely disjointed and irregular; and it sometimes happened that where two chambers were actually contiguous it required a walk of nearly half round the house to reach the one from the other.

The furniture of the house bespoke not merely ease and wealth, but taste and refinement. Each room had at least two or three pictures in it, generally landscapes, though there were some very fine figure pieces by Italian artists; and here and there a little *stage* was seen, with shelves displaying curious specimens of art or relics of the olden time. On the second floor, however, was a large gallery filled with pictures and busts, and next to it a small library. Beyond that was a large room having somewhat the appearance of a chapel, with several other chambers further on, and staircases going up and down, heaven knows where, for the ins and outs of that house were innumerable.

Such was the scene in which many of the events about to be recorded took place, and all that remains to be said upon this part of my subject is, that I have purposely abstained from giving anything like a romantic tinge to the description of a place which was, in reality, only an old French chateau of the seventeenth century, large, roomy, and inconvenient, but peculiar and characteristic of the age.

CHAPTER II.

In the park, of which we have spoken in the preceding chapter, and on the evening of a summer's day in 164-, a lady and gentleman in the prime of life walked slowly up and down, conversing gravely but not eagerly, while ever and anon he would pause for a moment, and trace with the point of his sheathed sword what seemed the plan of a town or a battlefield. Two handsomer people have seldom

been seen; and Time had laid his hand lightly on the head of either, though a gray hair here and there marked that the passage of days had not been without its effect. The lady's face was beautifully fair, and not a line or wrinkle showed the work of age; but the face of her companion told tales of exposure and of strife. There was a deep scar upon his right cheek, and an indentation on his left brow, covered over with a black patch, as if the wound which had made it was barely healed. He was active and vigorous, however, though somewhat spare in form; and his face had more the expression of joy than cheerfulness; for, although his eye lighted up when he looked down upon the beautiful countenance of his beloved wife, yet from time to time a look of sadness and earnest thought would come like the shadow of a deep cloud upon him, and only pass away when the musical tones of her sweet voice sounded in his ear.

"Thank God, Edward," she said, "thank God, though there is much to mourn, yet you are safe with your wife and children again—You know, my beloved, that, not for all the happiness a world could give, would I have withheld you from your duty to your King and your country; but that duty has been done well and nobly, and though it has pleased God to frustrate your efforts, to disappoint your hopes, ay, and even to impair your fortune, Heaven has restored you to me in safety; and therefore let us give thanks for what is granted, and not murmur because something is refused."

"God forbid, my Lucette!" said Sir Edward Langdale; "but yet, if I am somewhat grave, forgive me! I feel all the joy of my return, but when I think of the state of my country and my King, I cannot but feel bitter sorrow for the past, and sad misgivings for the future.—What a strange thing is fate! Bonaire is gone, and all that the best fortunes that could befall had given me in England; but here, by strange chance, more has been given than has been taken away; and, with a new country, I have found a better fate."

The words, though they were hopeful ones, seemed to throw both the speaker and her whom he addressed, into a fit of thought; and they walked on towards the old chateau I have described, without uttering a word for some moments, but at length the lady said, muttering, "Surely, they will never kill the King!" Her husband shook his head.

"I cannot tell, my Lucette," he said, "but they have him totally in their power, and they have slain so many of the best and noblest of the land, that who shall say they will not carry their iniquity a step further? It was not believed when I was in England; and, indeed, the general people seemed to regard the very idea with horror; but there are bold bad men among them who may even desire to compromise the rest beyond all return. They are affecting to treat with the King even now; but I cannot discover anything in their proceedings indicative of sincerity. The monarchy is gone, that is clear to me; and the life of his Majesty is at the disposal of traitors. I have very little hope, Lucette."

While they had been thus speaking, they had advanced near enough to the chateau to hear, through the open windows, some one singing, in a very sweet voice, and apparently with a great knowledge of music, as the sentence was understood in those days; and both stopped to listen.

"Surely, that is not Lucy's voice," said the gentleman, pausing; "if it be, it has fallen several notes since I was here."

"That is a man's voice, I think," answered Lucette. "It certainly is not Lucy. She cannot sing so well as that."

And, hurrying their pace, they entered the chateau. Proceeding straight forward past the foot of the great staircase, they turned into a room on the right, from which the sound seemed to proceed. It was evidently used as a music room; for various instruments of music were scattered about, and several of the curious old music books of those days were lying on tables, and even on chairs. Seated near the window, which was open, was a young man of about three and twenty years of age, dressed with exceeding plainness, but with very great taste. His garb was of that beautiful formal and arrangement which we see so frequently represented by the pencil of Vandyck.

The collar, it is true, was of plain linen, as were also the turned-up wrists, but they were cut into the most beautiful shapes, and every line of the garments which he wore seemed to flow into another with an easy grace which made, as it were, the poetry of costume.

The cloth of the coat was not fine, nor was it, as sometimes happened in that age, gaudy in coloring; but every hue was so blended that, to use what some people may consider contradictory language, harmony was produced by opposition. One of the most wonderful things, among all the wonderful anomalies of this anomalous world, becomes apparent if we take a picture of Vandyck, put it by the side of one of the horse-hair bewigged gentlemen of the reign of Anne or George I., and compare them both, the one with the other, and the two with a living and moving human animal of the present day. How the mind of man could ever go on in a process of degradation such as to descend from the admirable forms displayed by the pencil of Vandyck and many who preceded him, to the stiff rigidity of John, Duke of Marlborough, or William, Duke of Cumberland, is at first sight perfectly inexplicable. But if my theory be correct, and costume be the great exponent of the character of the age, the change is easily

accounted for. The French seemed to have felt this continually, but not to have defined it. We have even given the name to certain collars used in the time of the first French Revolution, of *collars à la guillotine*, from the facility which they afforded for cutting a gentleman's *brace* without the trouble of unbuttoning them.

The young gentleman of whom we now speak was dressed in the complete habiliments of a cavalier of those times; but all exceedingly plain—the stockings even were not wadding, but hung down upon his shoulders in magnificent bunches of curl, while the shorter hair over his forehead, by its natural wave, showed that no art had been used to produce the ringlets of old.

On his knee was lying a Venetian mandolin, with which he had been accompanying his voice; and his hand was still staying over the strings when the master and mistress of the mansion entered.

As soon as he perceived them, he rose, slim and almost delicate in form, took up his hat from the ground, and advancing with a slight degree of hesitation, said, in a low, sweet tone, and in the English language,

"I presume I have the honor of seeing Sir Edward Langdale."

"The same, sir," said the other. "May I know whom I have the pleasure of welcoming to my house—may be seated."

"This will explain, sir," said the young stranger, producing a letter, and handing it to him.

Sir Edward Langdale took it with a polite but somewhat cold aspect, and seated himself, again waving the stranger to a chair. It was clear, that the appearance of his visitor did not impress him with any great feelings of respect. His nature had been very much softened since his youth; he had gained gentleness of heart; the gentler, the finer portions of his nature had obtained room and nurture; his Lucette had been all to him, and more than all that he had expected; and the blooming boys and girls which had arisen around his footsteps, had awakened and developed the sweetest, holiest, most beautiful sympathies of our nature. But still Edward Langdale, in manner at least, was not soft. It is a curious fact, that those who are most truly tender, can sometimes seem most hard; he could sport with a child as if he were a child himself; no true tale of sorrow met his ear in vain; but the quick, sharp answer, the keen, stern inquiry, prompt decision, and the steady determined action afforded no previous promise of the gentler and kinder treatment which was sure to be produced by a worthy object. It is another curious fact, that in many very instances—indeed—I must not call it nature, is more frequently fundamentally affected by external influences, especially in youth, than manner. The water hollows the stone, which leaves hardly a trace upon the sand; and I am inclined to go a little further than the old axiom, that "habit is second nature," and to believe that this second nature is of a harder and firmer fabric than the first.

The words, though they were hopeful ones, seemed to throw both the speaker and her whom he addressed, into a fit of thought; and they walked on towards the old chateau I have described, without uttering a word for some moments, but at length the lady said, muttering, "Surely, they will never kill the King!" Her husband shook his head.

"I cannot tell, my Lucette," he said, "but they have him totally in their power, but there was no affectation of dignity, but there was no warmth—none of what the French call effusion. The young stranger appeared, however, not the least abashed, he seemed to expect no more, but seating himself with a very graceful inclination of the head to Lady Langdale, who was quitting the room, he waited in a still and easy position, while her husband read the letter brought to him, saying,

"Surely, that is not Lucy's voice," said the young man, dryly. "To-morrow the children shall begin their studies," said Sir Edward; "and now let us transact the business part of the affair, and see what you require as compensation for the trouble you are going to undertake."

A conversation of five minutes settled all that referred to salary, and then calling for a servant, the master of the house led his young companion to a room on the lower story of the left wing, to which he ordered the good old man "Pierrot" to bring the stranger's luggage.

"What am I to do with the horse, sir?" demanded Pierrot.

"Put him in the stable, of course," replied his master, and Pierrot retired and shut the door; but when, at the end of some five minutes, Sir Edward came out, leaving the young man behind him, he found his old follower still standing in the passage.

"His luggage is small enough," said Pierrot, stepping up to his master with an air of mystery.

"Only two saddle-bags."

"Well, Pierrot, when you first knew me, I had not much more."

"But the horse, the horse!" exclaimed Pierrot; "it is as fine a charger as was ever crossed by man."

CHAPTER III.

A few days, a few hours, often comprises all that really merits the name of a man's life-time; and then again there are pauses of months, perhaps years, in which little is done, said or thought which deserves even the record of memory. But there are periods which, without any apparent action, prepare the way

for more important things. I won't call them mixed periods; for they are so tranquil and quiet, so completely without the agitation of feeling and the energy of deed, that they are often forgotten afterwards, and the first mind of man fails to perceive how they are wrought upon his future life.

One of these periods succeeded the few little incidents we have last noticed in the chateau of Belgrave. All matters went on as they had done before. The young stranger's arrival and admittance into the family had made hardly a perceptible change; and his time was so taken up with the instructions he had undertaken to give, and with private studies of his own, that one can see two miles, has a wider view than a man who can see one sea.

"I understand you rightly," answered his companion, "you would imply that the King's best friends have not always been his most obdurate subjects, his most faithful officers somewhat inobedient soldiers. This is the fertile source of great disaster, sir, and I heartily agree with you. My own rule has been to obey the orders I receive when they are given to me by my superior in command, and to follow my own judgment only, when there was no one present who had a right to command me. But let us talk of other things. I find that you are a skilful musician."

The young gentleman smiled.

"A part of my life was passed in Italy, Sir Edward," he said, "the land of music, and indeed of all the arts; and it was not to be expected that my constitution could resist the infection."

"I did not know that art was a disease," said Sir Edward Langdale, "but it was, to say truth, being master of no art myself,

Sir Edward Langdale himself was not without a certain degree of—what shall I call it? Not exactly, for it had none of the vulgar pique of that very vulgar propensity; but of pride. He never inquired why the young man did this or that, what were the motives for his absenting himself continually from the family circle where he was treated with kindness and courtesy; he asked no questions as to the past, the present or the future; but he did wonder at much that he saw, and would have been glad of further explanations. It is true that he had received a letter by the young man's hands from the second son of his sovereign, which might well repress anything like indiscretions; and these were events also taking place in France which—though he was resolved to take no share in them—occupied much of his attention; but he remarked with regret that his new companion neglected all healthful exercise, that the cheek became pale, the eye more anxious, and that the song heard occasionally from the little chamber in the left wing was less frequent, and generally of a more melancholy tone. A feeling of undefined sympathy took possession of him, and, whereas at first he had felt that sort of superiority which bounces on contempt, often experienced by man of action and energy for men of thought and fancy, he began to acquire an interest in the young man nearly allied to friendship.

One day towards the end of September, on a bright and beautiful morning, the whole party were just concluding their breakfast, when Sir Edward suddenly burst forth with the words, "Children, this is a remarkable day in my life, and we will have a holiday. Master Bernard, you want more exercise; come out and join us in a long ride, for we are going through the forest to the table of stone, where our ancient Kings of France used sometimes to hold their *cours plaine*; and there we will have our dinner and fancy ourselves as good as Peer or Paladin."

The young gentleman looked down for an instant and thought; and then replied,

"Well, sir, I am at your command: I presume that the party will be small, for, to say truth, I am not much fitted for society."

"None but ourselves," replied Sir Edward; and then he added, in rather a significant tone, "there is no chance of our meeting any one; for I imagine that since the days of Childebert, not ten persons have passed along that road in four-and-twenty hours. What horse will you ride?"

"My own, sir," replied the young man.

"He has not been out for weeks," replied Sir Edward, "and it might be well to have him exercise before you ride him."

The young man smiled slightly, saying,

"He knows me well, sir, and is not vicious."

In little more than an hour, horses for all the party were before the gates. Lady Langdale and her daughter were speedily mounted, and Sir Edward and the lads had their feet in the stirrups; but the fine bay charger of Master Bernard was fretting and prancing in the hands of two grooms, who could hardly restrain him, now pawing the ground, now rearing, as if the fiery spirit long unexercised could hardly be restrained. The young man approached his side, while the eye of Sir Edward Langdale, as that of an experienced cavalier, was fixed upon him, perhaps in some doubt, perhaps with a little anxiety. But there was only one word and one movement.

"Stand!" and with one vault, without ever touching the stirrup, Master March was in the saddle, and as erect as a statue. The horse dashed forward as if to get before all the rest; but after one wild shake of the head and tug at the bridle, he was completely under command, and as gentle as a lamb.

The ride was a very beautiful one of some eight or ten miles in length, through a country which could not be called hilly, but which undulated and varied at every step, now passing through rich vineyards and fields, now cutting across one of those little woods which divide that part of France, now rising a gentle eminence from which a wide extending view of the surrounding scenery might be obtained, now sinking into a deep dell, along the bottom of which ran a clear and sparkling stream. During the first part of the way, the aspect of all things was cheerful and lively. The peasants were working in the fields, and cheering their labors with a song; the trees were full of birds making the air melodious with the last carols of the year, and the large and beautiful butterflies were still abroad, ending their brief existence in the sobered sunshine of the early autumn.

Every passion is infectious, or rather there is that natural tendency to sympathy in the mind of man, that sixty centuries of crime and suffering have not been able to extinguish the feeling of brotherhood with all things which God implanted originally in the human heart. To laugh with those who laugh, to weep with those who weep, is the natural tendency of every one; and we are inclined to take part in all that is joyous; if it be but the happiness of beasts that perish, or the gay aspect of even an inanimate scene. The mind is as it were a mirror reflecting the objects around it, and taking from all a coloring not its own. The whole party became merry, and even Master Bernard himself shook off the reserve and gravity of his ordinary demeanor, and laughed and chatted with a cheerful countenance and an open heart.

At the end of five or six miles, however, the road descended, slowly and gradually showing a wide scene of undulating forest ground beyond. The rows of tall walnut trees which had hitherto bordered the path on either side became broken, and then ceased; the cultivated fields ended, the houses of the farmers and the cabin of the laborer disappeared, great oaks and horse-chestnuts took the place of the fruit trees and the vine, till suddenly taking a sharp turn and an abrupt descent, the whole party found themselves in the forest of Bourg, near the spot where a forester's cottage stood, with a large clear well of beautiful water by its side. The old man himself was sitting at his door, carrying a snuffbox on a stick, and whistling sweetly some long forgotten tune, taking hardly any notice of the cavalcade, whose horses' feet he must have heard. The whole party, however, stopped to let their beasts drink, and Sir Edward Langdale rode up to the old man, saying,

"Why, Robin, you seem to have forgotten me."

The forester started up the moment he heard his voice, exclaiming,

"God bless me, monsieur!—everybody was monsieur with the possibility in those days—" why, I thought that you were in foreign lands, fighting for the good King of England. Some one told me so, I am sure, and I have not seen you for two years."

"I have come back, good Robin," said Sir Edward, "and trust to spend some peaceful days with you; but what makes you look grave and desponding, good man? You were hanging down your head when we came up, as if you were received not to see us."

"The times are bad, sir," said Robin. "and many a person passes by here nowadays whom it is not safe to see. Why, it is not three hours since there was a whole party of them killed one of the King's deer within sight of the cottage door. They would not have dared to do that in the old King's reign, when the great Cardinal was living. But I can do nothing now to stop them. In those times I could bring up ten men with the blast of a horn, but the men get no pay, so they won't stay under this new Cardinal and this little boy."

"Well, we have not come to hunt the King's deer," replied Sir Edward; "but merely to take our dinner at the *Table de l'Herbe*. It is all set up there, I suppose."

"Oh, ay," replied the forester, "the rogues have been gone a couple of hours, each man carrying a bloody quarter behind him, and they are not likely to come back very soon; besides you have plenty of people with you."

Now the plenty of people of whom good Robin spoke, consisted only of Sir Edward Langdale and his son, Master Bernard March, two mounted grooms, and a third leading a pack horse for the conveyance of their provisions; these, together with the ladies and the younger children, formed a tolerably large cavalcade; but no one felt any fear, and the news that there were some rogues in the forest did not startle any one. Indeed, some years before, there would have been no need of alarm; but times were a good deal changed since Sir Edward Langdale had last left the shores of France for England. The foolish, cunning, but somewhat-foolish of Cardinal Mazarin, had brought about great disorders in the country; the civil wars of the Fronde had begun, and many parts of the land, as well as the immediate neighborhood of the court, were greatly disturbed both by the contending factions, and by that general license which is sure to follow ill-established power. What the poet calls "the ancient rule—the good old plan" was very largely adopted; and the strong hand, I fear, was sometimes too often felt in various parts of France.

However, Sir Edward and his party rode gaily on, forgetting in a few minutes all about the gentlemen who had been helping themselves to the King's venison, and talking about the magnitude of the old oak (some of which they stopped to measure); the beauty of the sparkling stream, which they crossed at least a dozen times; and the loveliness of the scene in general, whether in those deep shady glades which the eye could hardly penetrate, or the ever dancing light and shade which streamed through the leaves and branches, chequering their path as with a curiously varied pavement. At the end of about two miles, or two miles and a half, a little even lawn in the very heart of the wood opened before them; and there, shaded by the long branches, stood the table of stone, a long, flat slab, some sixteen feet in length, by perhaps eight in width, supported by four smaller stones, at the four corners. Perhaps it was a druidical monument originally; but tradition said that there the feudal lords of the soil, and even the Kings of France themselves, had held their *cours plaine*, and judged their subjects, or revelled with their vassals. The meal upon the present occasion was destined probably to be a more moderate one than those old times had seen; but yet it was plentiful and gay, and care and thought, and probably memory and regret, were for the time forgotten. With that common revulsion of feeling which so frequently drives men into excess, the gayest perhaps of the whole party was the thoughtful and somewhat gloomy Master Bernard March. He laughed, he jested, he talked gayly with Lady Langdale and Lucy; he gathered the wild autumn flowers with the boys, and ran after the gaudy butterflies. He seemed almost a child himself, and probably in the midst of a sad and laborious life, he was determined to have one day at least of bright and unmingled enjoyment.

Thus ran by the hour till towards four o'clock, with the servants sitting around and enveloping themselves as much as their masters, when Sir Edward Langdale thought that it was nearly time to return to the chateau. Then, as they lingered for a few minutes, Lady Langdale asked Master Bernard if he would not give them a parting song. They knew he could sing beautifully, she said, for they had heard him accidentally more than once. He answered with a smile, that perhaps he sang better when he did not know that any one was listening to him. He complied, however, at once, without affectation, singing somewhat after the following manner:

THE DYING SOLDIER'S LAMENT.

I.

Where is the love o'er childhood's slender bond?

White drops the tear from the maternal eye,
Prophetic fear with heaven-born hope still blending.

Chastening proud pleasure with the timid sigh—

Where is the love?

II.

Where is the love, more warm but less enduring,
That twines youth's brow with coronals of flow-

ers.
While hope stands by, deluded hearts assuring
A long espouse of bright and sunny hours—

Where is the love?

III.

Where is that love, white sad and mangled lying
On the dark battle-field my limbs are cast,

And my crushed heart for long gone moments

twitching.

Tears faintly back unto the happy past—

Where is that love?

IV.

Where is that love? In Heaven, with those who

hope it.

Who long have left me on this earth alone.

Sweet spirits! in your blessed mansions does it,

For I am coming quick to claim mine own;

There is that love.

The voice was exquisitely sweet, the science was perfect, so far as the science of music had advanced in that day; and none hung upon the song more profoundly occupied than Lucy Langdale, whose ear and taste were as fine and delicate as those of her mother.

There is that love.

The religion was not even a pretense, and every conceivable sort of wildness and rashness was displayed by every party. Their minds were habituated to scenes and circumstances which at other times would have produced surprise and consternation; and very little astonishment was felt at anything that was strange and daring from whatever quarter it came.

Nevertheless, all was confusion, as may well be supposed, when a body of some thirteen or fourteen armed men intruded themselves with such doubtful intentions upon a little social party like that of Sir Edward Langdale.

Each one was separated from the other; the only one who had his hands free on the one side was Sir Edward himself, and seven or eight men with carbines in their hands kept the others apart, under that moral compulsion which proceeds from powder and ball, and others were continually passing backwards and forwards, giving orders, bringing up horses, and storing up native goblets and other convivial articles in haversacks and such receptacles.

A space of perhaps less than ten minutes concluded the whole; and then the gentlemen in the blue scarf raised his hat with the air of a prince, saying, "Sir Edward, we are sorry to be obliged to put you under some degree of compulsion, but, as you are aware, necessity has no law. We leave you at liberty in five minutes to untie your companions. I need hardly tell you that with your force and ours, and with the distance between you and your resources which exists, any attempt at pursuit would be vain. You will hear from me again, when anything that now seems wrong will be made right. Mount, gentlemen, mount; never mind your curb reins; you can ride for once upon the snaffle."

Thus saying flung himself upon a very fine horse that stood by, and galloped away at the head of his party.

It must not be said that Sir Edward Langdale waited the five minutes prescribed ere he proceeded to untie every one of the party; and then with an air of anxiety, and even trepidation, which was unusual with him, ran his eye rapidly from face to face, exclaiming, in a tone difficult to describe, "Where is Lucy—where is Lucy?"

Every one looked around; and then it was found that two of the party were missing, Lucy Langdale and Master Bernard March, who were no longer amongst them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a series of extracts interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

THE CAVALIER.

We commence in the present paper, this historical romance, by the celebrated author, Mr. G. P. R. James—it having been delayed so far by causes beyond our control.

The opening chapters, it will be seen, give promise of a very fine story. Mr. James's style is calm, but graphic and vigorous. He is not one of those writers who give you the idea that they are perpetually suffering under a fit of delirium tremens. A distinguished author once remarked of writers of the jerky, unscientific, spasmodic school, that it did not prove a man was strong, because, when he went into convulsions, it took ten men to hold him.

Persons of little intellectual culture are apt to be imposed upon by the convulsive, delirious tremens style alluded to—but such writings, however, may obtain a transient popularity, cannot stand the ordeal of time. The books which endure, the Robinson Crusoe, the Vicar of Wakefield, the novels of Scott, the novels of Cooper, &c., &c., are all eminently free from the spasmodic and vicious extravagances of style and manner that we have alluded to.

They strength is calm, serene and healthy, not convulsive, troubled or dyspeptic. And so it is with Mr. James's productions—which have received warm commendations from the highest critics. He does not tear either his style or his passion to tatters—he does not rejoice in extravagances of diction, or monstrosities of character. He interests by the simple and natural portraiture of exciting scenes, and heroic and beautiful personages. He sympathizes not with vice and impurity, but with all that is noble, lovely and of good repute. And his works, therefore, without unpleasantly intruding any moral upon the reader, teach lessons of endurance, faith, purity, probity and heroic forgetfulness of self. For these reasons—for the healthy and vigorous and heroic spirit which breathes alike in his style and his subjects, the works of Mr. James occupy a place in the libraries of every land where the English language is spoken.

Write to any of the booksellers that advertise in *The Post*, and they will inform you as to the price, and as to whether there are other translations. You say "The —— does not begin to come up to *The Post* in everything good." Of course, it does not. But there are many people that would like *The Post* better if it were not so good. "Each to his taste," however, as the old woman said when she kissed her *density*.

H. C. J. Yours is the first and only answer we have received—and it is the right one. The reason that he loves Florence Percy will love her for herself alone, is because he will love Florence Percy (*per se*). BUILDER. The small towers attached to city villas, &c., are called "campaniles," which is the Italian for a clock or bell-tower, *campana* being the Italian for bell. The word is pronounced for syllables, *cam-pa-na-les*, accent on the nee. In the rural districts adjacent to this city, there are a great number of them, though they never contain clocks or bells—though they often do belfries, a fine view being often obtained from them, and the number of pretty girls in and around Philadelphia, who are fond of sight-seeing, being absolutely immense. We may add to the above information, that *belfries* are supposed to be thus named from the clatter and other bell-like music they make,—which led a witty person once to remark, upon hearing that a certain very silent young lady was "quite a belle," that, if she were so, she was "a bell without a clapper."

MARIA. Yes, that was a great proof of affection, but hardly equal to the following, which is simply according to the customs of a certain "barbarous" tribe. The intended bride brings the object of her youthful affections, a little water in a calabash, and, kneeling before him, desires him to wash his hands. When he has done this, the young lady, with her eyes suffused with the tears of love and devotion, drinks the water—this being considered the greatest proof of her affection that could be given. Whether this is a trying ordeal, we confess we can see but little justification for the course of any, though we may be more inclined to palliate the guilt of the husband than of either of the others. But it seems to us, should be "without guilt," who presumes, in such case, not only "to cast the first stone," but to assume the offices of all, judge, jury, and executioner.

If, as some of our contemporaries assert, an injured husband holds the power of life or death in his hands—how is it to be, in this woman's rights era, with injured wives? Are they, too, to be at liberty to slaughter their offending husbands, or the sirens who have tempted them, wherever they can find them? If the principle of retaliation be once established by public opinion, so as to override what is universally admitted to be the law, as enacted by the wisdom of our fathers, will it not sweep down a large number of its most strenuous supporters? It is a two-edged sword, remember, and cuts both ways.

"HAWK-EYE." Sharpness of sight is a good thing, but yet it is just as well to be apparently a little blind. If a customer's son picks up an apple, &c., occasionally, you would do very foolishly "to charge it in the bill." It is very true that it argues a want of proper training at home on the part of the youngsters—but it would argue a rare degree of stupidity on your part to take notice of it. You would find that "a penny saved" in such a case, would be a dollar lost, instead of earned. We judge you are one of those storekeepers who are exceedingly careful not to wrong themselves in any transaction—and by such exceeding carefulness, miss making a good deal of money. Some men, it has been said, have made fortunes "by minding their own business"—but others also have lost fortunes by minding their own business too narrowly and closely. As we took occasion to tell a laughing shopkeeper the other day, who gracefully threw in a small amount in making change—when a reputation for generosity can be had at the expense of an occasional cent or two, it would be the height of folly not to make the investment.

F. A. T. To avoid becoming too fleshly is the easiest thing in the world. Probably you are now a gentleman of easy means, with just sufficient agricultural duties to attend to, to be pleasant and not onerous. Doubtless also you are good natured—for there is great truth in the old proverb, "laugh and grow fat." Now, as you doubtless possess a good intellect, and a fair amount of culture, suppose you offer to edit the village paper for a while. In your first editorial, open a personal and political controversy—if it be merely political to begin with, it will soon become personal—with the editor of the rival paper. In a short time, you will find your alarming tendency to obesity fully counteracted. And, in the course of a month or two, when your opponent has had time to imitate not only all the sins in the Decalogue, but all the sins in the Dictionary, to you, your father, your grand-father, and to all your relatives, on both sides, and of both sexes, for three generations—by that time, we say, you will probably begin to feel your clothes hang around you like a heavy bag on a beam-pole, which will afford you sufficient room to carry an ample store of revolvers, bowie-knives, and such other editorial implements as you may find necessary. If the editor, however, is unwilling to yield his post for a time, he will doubtless allow you to try your hand at collecting his outstanding bills; and, if there is any feathery left on your bones at the end of three months of that work, we think your tendency to obesity can scarcely be counteracted except by getting into some social, legal, financial, or political scrape or other. In fact, there is nothing like a little trouble to take down and keep down the flesh—it is better than either fasting or vinegar.

Young Max. Do not stand upon your dignity, but do all your employer asks you to do, and a little more. It is in this way that young men rise in the world. Once get the idea into your puerile head that so and so is your proper work,

and you will be successful.

Prejudice is as a thick fog, through which light gleams fearfully, serving rather to terrify than to guide.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 196—Adults 96, and children 100.

Young Max. Do not stand upon your dignity, but do all your employer asks you to do, and a little more. It is in this way that young men rise in the world. Once get the idea into your puerile head

and that it is an invasion of your rights to ask you to do more, and your pathway upwards will be pretty effectually blocked. If you show an industrious and obliging spirit, you will—before you know it—have attracted the attention of other employers, who will have their eyes on you, and when they want a man for some responsible post, he very apt to call upon you to fill it. Let us tell you an anecdote, which is literally true—showing how men often do rise in the world. A young man who had not neglected any opportunity of improving himself that came in his way, some years ago arrived in this country from Ireland. Finding nothing else offer—though he thought he was capable of a higher kind of work—he took employment as a hod-carrier. One day he saw his employer puzzling over some figuring on a shingle—and seeming sadly worried. Dinner time came, and still his employer worried over his figures. Taking advantage of a favorable moment, our hod-carrier inquired of his "boss" what it was that so puzzled him. The latter replied that he was trying to calculate the number of bricks in the front wall of the house. "Shall I try to do it?" said the young man. His employer looked up astonished, but handed him a clean shingle and the pencil, and told him to go ahead. In about five minutes the whole matter was ciphered out. The result was, that the young man soon found a better business than hod-carrying, and ultimately became Professor of Mathematics in one of the highest institutions in the land. Now it was not his appropriate business, as hod-carrier, to help his employer as a clerk. But he lost nothing by so doing.

X. "Why is the small, white dot, placed near the pupil of the eye in painting?" That is a funny question, and yet one not unfrequently asked. The answer is a very plain one—to represent nature. If you were at all a keen observer, you would have seen, in looking into people's eyes, a bright point where the light strikes the eye at an angle—and which is always copied in the daguerreotype and the portrait; sometimes so bunglingly in the latter, that it is no wonder that it should be asked what is meant. As to your other questions, two of them are out of our line. Is it possible that you do not know what a hair-trigger is—a lock so constructed as to be made capable of going off, when set, at the slightest pull of the trigger?

HAPPyFUL DECLINED: "Infatuation?" "Home?" "Thoughts of an Outcast, etc." "Lady Alice?" "We are Growing Old?" "A Mother in Heaven?" "The Revenge?" "To An Absent Sister?" "Le Baron de Sevier?" "The Heart's Graveyard?" "Too Soon."

L. LEE. Respectfully declined.

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

Dear G. H.—You should be here at this time, to see a noble piece of statuary—the "Eve Repentant" of the late Edward S. Bartholomew—which is on exhibition at our Academy of Fine Arts by the kind permission of the owner, Mr. Harrison, for the benefit of the widowed mother of the artist.

I cannot say that I have looked upon this statue with impartial eyes—though I have tried to do so from the first. The sculptor was one of my most valued friends, in Rome. I sat to him for a crayon portrait, and knew him quite intimately. I have now a sad pride in remembering that I then saw in the poor young artist, who had little to show in his unfrequented studio, all the genius and fine poetic feeling which have, since but alas, too late, been recognised by the world.

Mr. Bartholomew was a singularly modest and sensitive man, and shrank from general society with a painful shyness—caused, I think, by some personal defects—the cruel results of the small-pox. He was a remarkably handsome and athletic young man, when he was struck down—he rose up a cripple, shattered, maimed, disfigured. But the manhood of the spirit still stood erect and strong—the genius of the artist shone forth bravely above that dismal wreck of youthful beauty and strength.

He was a patient, courageous, chivalric soul. I knew him in the darkest, most discouraging season of his life in Rome, and I sometimes saw him sad and desponding, but I never heard him utter an unmanly complaint—never a word of bitter displeasure of a more fortunate brother-artist. He struggled and suffered in silence—kept his cares, his despairs, and perhaps his greatest daring hopes close prisoned in his own sad and earnest heart.

His ambition seemed to me of the noblest character. He wished to be a great artist, for the sake of art and his country. He never talked of fame, or money—only of ideals and aspirations;—of what he longed to do—what he could do, if the world would give him a chance—not what his efforts would bring him. He was a man of few, but warm and constant friendships. It was not easy to win his confidence and regard, but once won, there was no fear of their being capriciously withdrawn. He was a friend true and staunch—but his deepest and tenderest affection seemed given to his mother. Of her he often spoke with intense feeling—saying that the thought of her inspired and sustained him in toil, sickness and manifold discouragements. I was deeply touched by reading, in an account of his last illness at Naples, that when a minister was called to his bedside, and he was asked if he desired him to pray—

"Yes, pray for my poor mother," he said—thus proving that more than his own soul he loved her. There is something absolutely Christ-like in such a remembrance, at such an hour—and it is singularly characteristic of him. It seems to me peculiarly fitting that this the favorite and most perfect work of the sculptor, should be exhibited for the benefit of this beloved mother.

During the last year of the artist's life, the long delayed sunlight of prosperity began to descend in almost a Danaë shower. Fame came, and money enough to lift the long-borne burden of debt from his shoulders, just as he died—and to drive from his death chamber the haunting phantoms of want and care. That was all. He had no time to realise his own success—to rest in delicious ease, after the weary struggle, and gather strength for greater things.

It is too hard! We may moralise and Christianise upon it as we will—it is too hard. Had he lived but a few years longer, and been freed from the necessity,—a hard one he often felt it—of wasting his power on portrait-busts of travel-

ling nobodies,—had his genius been recognized and rewarded before his physical energies were exhausted by anxious and unremitting toil, the world of art would have justified the warmest praise and the highest hopes of his friends. If some of his eleventh hour patrons (all honor to them, that they recognised him at last!) had but happened into his studio a little earlier, he might by their timely "aid and comfort" have been saved to his country, who, in him, has sustained a greater loss than she yet wots of.

But as W. always says, with a half philosophical, half childlike sigh and shrug, of any utterly irredeemable ill—"What's the use?"

Poor Bartholomew is gone, and the finest of the few works he has left us are but fair specimens of incomparably finer might have been.

The "Eve Repentant" seems to me by far the greatest modern statue I have seen in this country. It is a singularly original and courageous piece of modeling—a noble figure, full of primeval strength and purity, and the wild, unconscious grace of nature. There is nothing conventional about it, in form, attitude, or expression—not even the shame-facedness one looks for in a fallen Eve. I find no shame in all the figure—no consciousness of nakedness. The face is downcast—but in sad meditation, rather than in humiliation. There is no Magdalene-like depression in the attitude—the feet are drawn to one side—the hands flung together in an utter abondon of grief, for a sin she can yet scarce understand. The whole body grieves and deplores—the very hair seems to have a heavy, sorrowful flow down the drooping shoulders, from the lovely head, bowed by no meaner misfortune than the displeasure of God.

Well, I have wandered farther than I intended, gathering illustrations for my argument: what I meant, long back, to have said, was this: I think Mr. Wallack might have been a greater artist, if he were not so handsome a man. And yet, may his beauty never be less! It is of a gallant, large, manly type, and I saw no evidence of that omnipresent consciousness of comeliness and killingness so inevitably sickening in your pretty walking gentlemen, your small tragedie heroes of the stage.

A French musical critic once wished that he had irresistible powers of fascination, that he might win the love of happy, lazy Albion; "break her heart, and make her the greatest singer the world over saw."

If some little misfortune could befall not the heart, but the face or form of this handsome tragedian, and of his beautiful rival, young Edwin Booth,—throwing them both with desolate abandon on their genius alone,—why, two great artists might be the result.

That Mr. Wallack had received a noble share of the family inheritance I felt assured by marking his power deeper with the deepening tragedy. His voice has the quality which it seems Albion's lacks—the tearful. It has tones of heart-searching pathos. For the first time for some years, hardened sinner that I am—I cried at a play. In the latter part of the drama the actor's beauty certainly did not aid him—for in the Iron Mask he was the most frightful, woful looking object you could imagine—and here he was greatest. Yet the remembrance of the happy glowing face, now in such total, doleful eclipse, of the proud, erect form, now tottering and bent, doubtless added much to the pathos and the tragedy.

Night second, we went to the Walnut, to see Mr. Dion Boucicault in his play of "The Phantom." There is little in the play but the one part of *The Phantom*, Sir Allan Raby, a murdered man, who has received a sort of false life, and lives on for a century, by preying on the lives and drinking the blood of others. In short, he is a Vampire—not a hideous, bat-like creature, but a very gentlemanly, graceful personage, not unlike other men of quality, save in a death-like pallor and quietude—and a ghost-like manner of appearing and disappearing, and gliding about on his demoniacal robes—throwing them both with desolate abandon on their genius alone,—why, two great artists might be the result.

On the day of the opening, the members of the singing bodies, of the bar, the Institute, &c., were all congregated in this hall wearing their rich uniforms; the Diplomatic Corps, and their wives being also present. The Empress and Princess Clotilda were in bonnets and walking-dresses, and arrived by way of the long gallery, followed by their suites; the other ladies were in evening-dress. The Emperor came in last, and having taken his seat on the throne, with the Imperial Princes on the other hand, the Grand Master, in grand uniform, and in a grandiloquent voice, desired everybody to be seated; after which his Majesty rose and read the speech whose impudent expressions of surprise at the panic created by himself are overlooked in the satisfaction which its pacific character has called forth. Every word which spoke of peace, and asserted its maintenance to be the aim of the Imperial Government, was enthusiastically cheered; and on its conclusion the Emperor and his family withdrew. It was noticed, with some surprise, and small pleasure, that the Princess Lucien and Joachim Murat (who, though cousins of the Emperor, are not included among the members of the family "holding rank at Court," and are consequently styled "Highness" only, not "Imperial Highness") as Jerome Bonaparte and Prince Napoleon were seated on this occasion on a line with the Emperor, and the "Imperial Princes," instead of being left, as formerly, in the background. In the present excited state of the public mind, this symptom of a disposition to put the Murat family into a more conspicuous position, is regarded as showing that designs on Naples are probably not forgotten; and people shun their shoulders and wonder whether schemes of a dangerous character for the public quiet are not still carried on by their autocratic master, despite the present hull in the political heavens. Precious results of the blind fury which, in its rage against the tares of the political wheat-field, has torn up tares and wheat together; and which, having left it void alike of the old landmarks as of the old abuses, has yielded the soil to the caprices of a self-imposed master! For it is impossible to question the power of the Emperor to plunge the country in an unwelcome war, should such be his good pleasure, and thus to drag all Europe into a conflict which every member of the European family, except perhaps Sardinia, most anxiously desires to avert. It is so far satisfactory that the public sentiment of France, notwithstanding the galling system now in force here, has managed to give itself so effectual an utterance; and that the Emperor, despite his seemingly uncontrollable supremacy, has yet felt himself compelled, by the very necessities of his position, to modify his course in accordance with the wishes of his subjects.

The arrival of Prince Napoleon and his bride, escorted through Paris by a grand display of troops, has been of course the signal for a good deal of gaiety. The newly-married pair drove at once to the Tuilleries, where the Emperor met them, and kissed the bride at the bottom of the grand staircase, the Empress meeting and kissing her at the top. After a short stay, during which all the officers and ladies of the Imperial Household were presented to the young Princess in the White Saloon, the pair proceeded to the Palais Royal, Prince Jerome's residence, and the headquarters of his son,

the master, called Death—toe off his hideous disguise, and hold Immortality in his arms?

To poets, great personal beauty is often a snare and a hindrance than otherwise—as witness poor Burns. Milton seems an exception—but he was greatest after he was old and blind, and could no longer behold his own comeliness in those most lovely mirrors, the admiring eyes of women. His club foot was "no let" to Byron in climbing Parnassus, and Pope's crooked back, though it spoiled his temper, gave a finer power and intensity to his poetry. Pretty L. E. L., mouse-like Felicia Hemans, magnificent Caroline Norton, have written sweet and beautiful things—but it took pale little Elizabeth Barrett, and plain, shy Charlotte Bronte to make the world hold its breath in wonder. Lovely Raphael Sanzio could never have, chiselled—hewn out the mighty Moses of *San Pietro in Vincoli*, with a brow like Mount Sinai, and a beard like an Alpine cascade—could never have heaved heavenward the dome of St. Peter's. It took knobby-headed, craggy-faced old Michael Angelo to do all that.

With dramatic artists, I think beauty is peculiarly apt to overrule power, and finally master it—becoming the principal instead of the accessory. True, the Kembles were graceful and grandiose, but the genius of the plain and under-sized Keen towered even above them, in an absolutely Titan-like grandeur. We who remember the older Booth, remember how the lightnings of genius illuminated the ruins of his early beauty, even the broken bridge of his nose; and those who saw Ronconi in tragedy, can realize how insignificance can be made stately, how ugliness of the most hopeless kind may be triumphantly redeemed.

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The character was most fitly and effectively borne by Mr. J. W. Wallack, Jr., who has, I believe, in addition to his fine reputation as an actor, that of being the handsomest man now on the boards. It was a princely piece of acting throughout,—even the gloom of the dungeon, and the double imprisonment of the "Iron Mask," shutting out the light of heaven, and bending the proud manly form, failed to quench the bright flame of honor, to subdue the lofty and regnant spirit.

I have an idea that some sort of personal defect is after all, rather to be desired, than deprecated, for an actor, or an orator, as well as for an artist or a poet—often serving as the keenest spur of genius. With the smooth speech and faultless elocution of some of our small orators, would Demosthenes have ever been the grand tone and mighty sweep of the sea beside which he practised. With the beauty of Alcibiades would Socrates have sent so authoritative a voice of teaching down the ages?—would the spirit so resolutely have set its foot on the clay?—could it have been equal to that mournful, convivial occasion, when the martyred philosopher made "a night of it," with his friends—when, though denying them a share of his bitter wine, he made them drunk with his divine hope—when he drank himself into sublime oblivion of the ill, wrongs and miseries of life—when he fearlessly clasped

Tis strange that those we lean on most. Those in whose laps our limbs are nursed. Fall into shadow, soonest lost.

Those we love first are taken first.

God gives us love. Something to love. He lends us love, but, when love is grown To ripeness, that on which it thrives Falleth off, and love is left alone.

—Tennyson.

When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments; when to those of our own sect, we call them trials; when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the settled course of things.—Shestane.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE SKY CLEARED—A HANDSOME ROOM—STRAWS SHOWING THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS—A SEVERE DISAPPOINTMENT—A CURIOUS PURCHASE—THE AGENCE BALATA—FREEDOM IN FRANCE—AS INGENUOUS PROBLEMS.

Paris, February 10, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

As you will have seen by the last advices, the excitement in which the whole of Europe has been so anxiously participating for the last six weeks, is beginning to soften down under the combined effects of the Emperor's last speech, and of the strong manifestations of public opinion against the idea of a European war. Still, though the public mind is quiet, and funds are rising, it would be too much to assert that confidence is entirely restored. It is admitted on all hands that the danger exists; and that, unless diplomacy can contrive to dispense the elements of trouble, the storm, though delayed for a time, will burst at last.

But the apprehension of an immediate outbreak having disappeared, it is hoped that peaceful measures will at once be resorted to; and, seeing how fearful would be the scene of bloodshed and desolation that must follow an appeal to arms among nations armed to the teeth as are the various members of the European family, it can hardly be doubted that pacific counsels will ultimately prevail.

The attitude of the English Parliament has doubtless done much to bring back a hope that war may be avoided; but much also of this turn in public sentiment is to be attributed to the speech of the Emperor Napoleon at the opening of the legislative session, on the 7th inst., in the magnificent new room, called the *Salle des Etats*, which has just been completed for that purpose in the new part of the Louvre. This noble hall is 168 feet long, 84 wide, and 58 high. It is lighted by 3 rows of windows, one above the other, the upper range being circular. A gallery, supported on gilt columns, runs round the greater part of it. At the upper end is a raised platform, reached by six steps, and on it the throne is placed. On a level with the platform is a tribune for the Empress, the Imperial Princesses and their suite. The decorations of the hall will consist when finished, of paintings, gilding, and marbles of various colors, the latter being at present imitated in painting. The ceiling is in five compartments; in the center is Civilisation raising a cross surrounded by a halo, enlightening the world. At her sides are Justice and Force, with the Genius of Laws and Philosophy. France, under an eagle with outspread wings, sits on a throne; and near her are Abundance and Generosity. Other allegorical groups representing Algeria, the Genius of History, Prudence, Science, Benevolence, &c., with Joan of Arc, and other worthies fill the other compartments; and an equestrian statue of Charlemagne presides over one of the two principal entrances, while Napoleon I., with a group of veterans, mounts guard over the other.

On the day of the opening, the members of the singing bodies, of the bar, the Institute, &c., were all congregated in this hall wearing their rich uniforms; the Diplomatic Corps, and their wives being also present. The Empress and Princess Clotilda were in bonnets and walking-dresses, and arrived by way of the long gallery, followed by their suites; the other ladies were in evening-dress. The Emperor came in last, and having taken his seat on the throne, with the Imperial Princes on the other hand, the Grand Master, in grand uniform, and in a grandiloquent voice, desired everybody to be seated; after which his Majesty rose and read the speech whose impudent expressions of surprise at the panic created by himself are overlooked in the satisfaction which its pacific character has called forth. Every word which spoke of peace, and asserted its maintenance to be the aim of the Imperial Government, was enthusiastically cheered; and on its conclusion the Emperor and his family withdrew. It was noticed, with some surprise, and small pleasure, that the Princess Lucien and Joachim Murat (who, though cousins of the Emperor, are not included among the members of the family "holding rank at Court," and are consequently styled "Highness" only, not "Imperial Highness") as Jerome Bonaparte and Prince Napoleon were seated on this occasion on a line with the Emperor, and the "Imperial Princes," instead of being left, as formerly, in the background. In the present excited state of the public mind, this symptom of a disposition to put the Murat family into a more conspicuous position, is regarded as showing that designs on Naples are probably not forgotten; and people shun their shoulders and wonder whether schemes of a dangerous character for the public quiet are not still carried on by their autocratic master, despite the present hull in the political heavens. Precious results of the blind fury which, in its rage against the tares of the political wheat-field, has

THE DESERTER;
BLUCHER'S JUDGMENT.

Few were the youths throughout the kingdom of Prussia that were allowed to stay at home in the eventful year of 1813. A war, more terrible, more vindictive than any one that had ever visited the continent of Europe, was raging through the land, and the country could spare none of its defenders. Also the king had called his people to arms by means of that famous proclamation which will be considered for evermore as one of the noblest documents in German history. They were true to the call—old and young; they left their homes, rushed to their colors, took up arms, and never laid them down till they had driven the enemy under the very walls of Paris.

The inhabitants of Silesia, well known for their loyalty and patriotism, had not stood behind amidst the general enthusiasm. There was not a family in the province that had not contributed its contingent to the national affair; and many a heart was throbbing painfully whenever a new intelligence was spread of another of those dreadful battles which, by riddling the country from an odious enemy, threw sorrow and affliction upon many a quiet and peaceful home.

On a sultry summer evening, in the year before mentioned, an old woman was sitting before her humble cottage in the little Silesian village of Burnheim. She had put the distaff aside, and was reading the Bible, which lay open on her knees. Whilst she was repeating the holy words in an under-tone to herself, her ears caught the sound of quick footsteps, and a long shadow emerged from behind the cottage. The old woman trembled violently; the moment afterwards her uplifted eyes fell upon the figure of a handsome and well-made lad, in a military attire.

"How are you, mother?"

She rose, and threw her trembling arms around his neck. "God be thanked, my boy, that I see thee again! But how pale and haggard thou lookest!" She went on, after a pause: "To be sure, thou must be very tired, and very hungry too!"

She led him in the room to the old arm-chair, and urged him to sit down and repose himself a little, while she herself would prepare him some supper.

"What did he like best? Should she make him an omelet, or roast a chicken? Oh, it was no trouble at all! Dear me, how could he talk of trouble! she was but too glad to do anything for her own dear boy. Yes, she would go and get him a chicken."

The old woman, all bustle and activity, left the room.

The youth did not betray so much pleasure at this hearty reception from his aged parent as might have been expected. He was restless and ill at ease; it seemed as if something was heavily weighing upon his heart; and when his wandering eye fell upon the portrait of his deceased father, which was hanging right over the chimney-piece, presenting that worthy gentleman in the stiff uniform worn by the king's guards half a century ago, he felt as if the old sergeant was looking at him with a grim frown upon his honest countenance; just as if he experienced a hearty inclination to step out of his worn-out, rosewood frame, to seize the old knotted hassel stick in the corner, with the brass knob at top, and to apply it to the back of his offspring for half an hour or so; as, in fact, he had been in the habit of doing many a day in his lifetime, some eight or ten years ago. His restless son felt so much overcome by this latter reflection that, when the old woman came bustling in again, after the lapse of some minutes, with the chicken under her apron, she found her own dear boy with his head in his hands, leaning listlessly upon the table.

He sat up when she came in, but did not look at her. The old woman became attentive. In the joy of her heart, she had never thought yet of asking him any questions except those concerning his appetite. Now, it began to strike her that the present period was rather a strange time for a soldier to be on leave of absence.

"Charles!"—No answer.

The old woman trembled violently. She dropped her burden, and walked straight up to him. Her honest, wrinkled countenance was full of anxiety and apprehension. Looking him full in the face, and clapping her hands together, she cried out in an agony: "So help me God, Charles, you are a deserter!"

"I couldn't stand it any longer, mother," uttered her wretched son, in a broken voice, by way of apology.

"You couldn't stand it!" said the old woman, exasperated beyond all measure; "you couldn't stand it! and hundreds of thousands of your brethren do! 'Fy, for shame!' and with her old, honest, trembling hand, she gave him a smack on the face."

"Mother!" exclaimed the young man starting up, with the blood rushing to his face.

"Fy, for shame!" she went on, without heeding him in the least, "to bring such a disgrace upon the whole village! What would he say?"—she pointed to where the old warrior was hanging over the chimney-piece, whose stern countenance, illuminated by the rays of the evening sun, seemed indeed to assume an unusual expression of solemn indignation. "Sit down, sit down, I say! you—desert! It shall not be said that your dead father's house, in the village of Burnheim, is a place of refuge for runaways, whilst the whole country is up in arms! Don't you stir, sir! I'll be back in a minute!" and with this, the brave old woman left the room, locking the door after her.

She was not alone when she came back about half an hour afterwards; the country parson, the schoolmaster, the country judge, and half-a-dozen more of the dignitaries of the village, were with her. The little room was quite full when all these distinguished visitors had entered it. Charles sat in the old arm-chair, quite motionless, his face covered with both his hands.

The honest villagers had made up their minds at once what to do with the deserter; they looked upon his crime as an ignominy, by which he had not only disgraced himself, but

also their community at large, and they were not the men to put up with such an affront. The schoolmaster, who was a politician, and subscriber for a newspaper, having informed them that the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief of the army were but about two days' march from the village, they had resolved at once to escort him thither. The judge proclaimed the young man a prisoner in the name of his majesty the king, and called upon him to follow him to a place of security for the night, as on the following morning they would in a body convey him to his excellency the field marshal, General Blucher. He rose and followed them without opposition. When they were all gone, the old woman took up the Holy Scriptures once more; but it was in vain that she strove to read; her eyes grew dim, and the letters were all swimming confounded before them, so she put it down again and wept bitterly.

Early on the following morning a strange procession was seen emerging from the little village of Burnheim—four old peasants escorting one young soldier. The country judge, with grave air, marched ahead of them, whilst the schoolmaster, who had obstinately insisted upon accompanying the expedition, brought up the rear. The prisoner, with downcast eyes and fallen countenance, was walking between the two other patriots; and as he had pledged his word not to make any attempt at flight, they had consented to lasso his hands united. When the expedition, after a day's march, put up for the night in a small hamlet, they were told that all the villages around were crammed full with Frenchmen, so they were obliged to make a long roundabout way; and it was not before the morning of the fifth day after their departure that they reached head-quarters.

"Where is the residence of the commander-in-chief?" asked they of one of the ordinance-officers, who were galloping through the streets in every direction.

"Why, in the chateau, to be sure, where the two hussars were mounting guard on horseback."

When they had entered the yard, they were not in the least disengaged at the sight of whole scores of adjutants, and orderly-officers of every rank and arm, all of whom seemed to have some urgent business with the commander-in-chief; for no sooner had any of them been despatched, than he was seen mounting again, and tearing away with his horse's belly to ground. It never entered their heads for one moment that the general might consider their own business to be of a somewhat similar importance, although the schoolmaster argued from what he saw that something of consequence was going on just now. The worthy man was right so far; the commander-in-chief was about to give battle on the following day. When they had been waiting patiently for a couple of hours, and began to feel somewhat tired and hungry, the country judge, conscious of the importance of his mission, ventured at last to accost one of the officers of the general's staff who was passing by with a packet of sealed letters in his hand; but that hasty functionary did not even stop to give ear to the address of the head man of the rural deputation, but merely grumbled something about the propriety of their going to Jéricho—or further.

Our worthy inhabitants of Burnheim, however, were not the men to give way so soon, and removed the charge accordingly. This time it was a middle-aged man with a benevolent countenance, whom they made acquainted with their request to see the field-marshal on most urgent business.

"Why, they had chosen their time rather badly, indeed; the general was extremely busy. Couldn't one of the secretaries do as well?"

"By no means; they must see the general himself."

"Was it an information concerning the enemy which they wanted to deliver?"

"Oh, no; something much more important—from Burnheim," added the schoolmaster.

The middle-aged officer with the benevolent countenance laughed, and said he would try. After the lapse of about half an hour, he came back, and beckoned to them to follow. They were ushered into an ante-room, and directed to wait for his excellency.

The door opened after another half hour's waiting, and an old man with gray hairs, iron-cut features, and bright eyes, entered the room: it was the commander-in-chief, Old Father Blucher, as the soldiers called him. The country judge stepped forward, and bowing very low, delivered the speech about which he had been pondering ever since they had left their native place, and which, of course, he thought to be very eloquent. He stated all that had been told already in the course of this narrative; how the deserter's own mother had given information of her son's crime; how they had resolved at once to bring him back to head-quarters; and concluded his address with a hope that his excellency would not be induced to think worse of their village because of one that had rendered himself unworthy of the name of a Prussian. The tears came trickling down his honest cheeks.

The general looked very grave indeed. Those large bright eyes of his roamed for an instant over his rural audience with a strange expression. He knew at a glance what sort of men they were he had to deal with; then his looks rested for a while on the bony figure of the young man, who, with downcast eyes and care-worn face, appeared the very image of misery and dejection. He knew his case to be a hopeless one; deserting colors in time of war is a capital crime, and Father Blucher, with his iron will, was the last man in the world to be trifled with.

On a sudden, the features of the old hero assumed an expression of harshness. Turning round towards the speaker of this singular deputation, he said in a rough voice and in a very abrupt manner,

"Mr. Judge, you are an ass."

The villagers started as if they had been stung. After all the anxiety and trouble they had undergone for the cause which they considered to be a just one, they had expected a somewhat more cordial reception.

"But your excellency"—remonstrated the amazed dignitary.

"Hold your tongue, I say: you are an ass."

I know better; in Burnheim there are no rascals. And you, my son?" he went on with his iron features relaxing a little, and with that same strange expression in his large bright eyes, "you will show them to-morrow, on the battle-field, what a Burnheim-man can do: will you not?"

The young man dropped down on his knees, and was stammering a few broken words, which the general did not hear, however, for when the lad rose again with high flushed cheek and sparkling eyes—a far different man—Blucher had already left the room.

The worthy peasants, whose perceptive faculties were by no means equal to their honesty, began at last to get a glimpse of the general's real meaning. The country judge was the first to throw his cap high into the air, and to give three hearty cheers for Father Blucher; who, with one single word, had extinguished what they considered a stain from their beloved village, comforted the broken heart of a mother, and preserved a pair of arms for the defence of the country—arms that could not fail to do their duty now.

When they had given vent to their enthusiasm after their hearts' content, and taken leave of the young man, who was carried away by an aid-de-camp of the general's staff, they made up their minds to buy some provisions in the place, and to return again to the village. They had, however, scarcely reached the yard, when they were overtaken by the same middle-aged officer who had announced them to be the commander-in-chief, and asked them what in Heaven's name they were going to do now.

"Why, going back again, to be sure. To Burnheim, you know!" ejaculated the school-

master.

And did they think that his excellency would allow anybody to leave head-quarters without having had a dinner first? He had already given orders to that effect, and they had but to follow this non-commissioned officer here, who would show them the way.

They needed not to be told twice, we may be sure; and when they were shown into a kitchen room, where dinner was served up for them, with a bottle of wine standing before each cover, they felt very grateful to his excellency, and very proud at the same time because of the honor shown to the representatives of their village. But when each of them found a double Frederick's d'or under his plate, their enthusiasm burst out afresh, and many were the healths drunk to the welfare of Old Father Blucher.

When they had all eaten and drunk their fill, and were about to take their leave, they fell in once more with their friend the middle-aged officer, who gave them some advice concerning the best way of reaching their village without running any danger; for, as he said, the coming day would be an eventful one. He accompanied them through the yard to the gateway, where he bade them farewell, pointing, as he left, to one of the hussars who was mounting guard on horseback before the gate.

By heavens, it was their prisoner, the boy Charles, now fully pardoned by his excellency the commander-in-chief. How proud he looked, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes! He dared not address them, for he was on duty; but he looked at them, as much as to say:—"Wait, and you shall see to-morrow!"

Now was he faithless to the vow. On the evening of the following day, the memorable 26th of August, when the bloody victory at the Katzbach was gained, and the field-marshal rode through the thinned ranks of his men, who greeted him with enthusiastic cheers, he was addressed by the commanding-officer of the 21st Hussars; who reported, how greatly the private, Charles Fisher, had distinguished himself above all the rest, having taken a standard from the enemy, and made prisoner, with his own hands, the commander of the French regiment.

The field-marshal stopped his horse, and taking the trooper from his own uniform and affixing it, with his own hands, to the breast of the young man, said, with a cheerful voice, and with that same strange expression in his large, bright eyes: "Well done, my son! I knew I was right; in Burnheim there are no rascals."

"What did he like best?" demanded M. Diederich.

"My frightful office does," pursued the headman; "I was not even allowed time to wipe the blood from my sword; another performed that duty for me; while I was hastily conducted back to the saloon, where food had been provided for me, and where I now found the table crowded with the rasciest wines.

I seated myself for an instant in order to regain composure, but I was too sick at heart to avail myself of the proffered refreshments;

and in a short time my masked companions and myself were once more in the carriage.

We travelled on without halting, save to

change horses at the several stages where relays had evidently been awaiting us, and where we were never detained beyond a few minutes, throughout that night and part of the following day; and in about twenty hours as before, we stopped in front of my own house, wide at the top and bottom, but narrow enough in the middle, with a broad steel or wooden buck in front, curved forwards, but with its ends bent backwards, and with a pair of stiff whalebones behind at the lacing edges, besides a large array of other smaller bones of the same kind, are so ingeniously contrived as not merely to prevent the expansion of the chest necessary for the proper performance of inspiration, but actually to diminish its capacity at its lower or widest part; so that the poor child has her chest really put into a vice, and can only breathe very imperfectly, for the silly parts of her dress are so wide that the shoulder-straps can have a good bearing, and not slip off the shoulders; the dress will then be supported as it should be, on the shoulders, and cannot slip down, consequently there will be no hitching, nor any curving spine from that most common cause of it, and the chest will at the same time be protected from cold.

"Pity me, monsieur, for assuredly a grievous crime was consummated by my hand; and ere long I look to learn that the Courts of Europe will be thrown into mourning."

"What ensued?" demanded M. Diederich.

"My frightful office does," pursued the headman; "I was not even allowed time to wipe the blood from my sword; another performed that duty for me; while I was hastily conducted back to the saloon, where food had been provided for me, and where I now found the table crowded with the rasciest wines.

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THE BALLAD OF THE BRIDES OF QUAIR.

BY ISA CRAIG, AUTHOR OF THE DUNNS' PARIS POEM.

A stillness crept about the house;
At eventide, in nocturnal glare,
Upon the silent hills looked forth
The many windowed House of Quair.

The peacock on the terrace screamed,
Browns on the lawn the timid hare,
The great tree grew 't the avenue,
Came by the sheltered House of Quair.

The pool was still; around its brim
The alders tickled all the air;
There came no murmur from the streams,
Though nigh staved Lothian, Tweed and Quair.

The days held on their wonted pace,
And men to court and camp repair,
Their part to fill, of good or ill.
While women keep the House of Quair.

And one is clad in widow's weeds,
And one is maiden-like and fair,
And day by day they seek the paths
About the lonely fields of Quair.

To see the trout leap in the streams,
The summer clouds reflected there,
The maiden loves, in happy dreams,
To hang o'er silver Tweed and Quair.

Or oft in pall-black velvet clad,
Sat stately in the oaken chair,
Like many a dame of her ancient name,
The Mother of the House of Quair.

Her daughter 'broidered by her side,
With heavy drooping golden hair,
And listened to her frequent plaint—
"I fare the brides that come to Quair."

"For more than one hath lived to pine,
And more than one hath died of care,
And more than one hath sorely sinned—
Left lonely in the House of Quair."

"Alas! and ere thy Father died,
I had not in his heart a share,
And now—may God forgive her ill—
They brother brings his bride to Quair!"

She came: they kissed her in the hall,
They kissed her on the winding stair,
They led her to her chamber high,
The fairest in the House of Quair.

They bade her from the window look,
And mark the scene how passing fair,
Among whose ways the quiet days
Would linger o'er the wife of Quair.

"Tis fair," she said, on looking forth,
"But what although 'twere bleak and bare—"
She looked the love she did not speak,
And broke the ancient curse on Quair:

"Whate'er he dwells, whare'er he goes,
His dangers and his toils I share."
What need he said?—she was not one
Of the ill-fated brides of Quair!

—*Engliswoman's Journal.*

THE SCOUT.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

CHAPTER XII.

—*ANOTHER IN VOLUNTARY CONTRITION.*

The whole region of country, for thirty miles or more westward from Philadelphia, was infested by scouting parties of the British. Foraging squads from both armies also penetrated many miles into the interior, sweeping off cattle, horses, pigs, sheep, anything that could be converted into fresh meat; the Americans promising to pay, and the British paying their Tory friends in gold, and everybody else in—nothing. They made mistakes sometimes, in the hurry of operations, and carried off the stock of friends as well as of foes; and between the two armies, the country was saddled with a sufficiently heavy burden; but there were a great many farmers in Chester, and Bucks, and Montgomery counties, substantial, well-to-do, conservative people, who hated strife and loved money, particularly when it came in the shape of such good prices in solid gold, as the British paid for all kinds of produce. They, consequently, for a while, drove a thriving trade in flour, grain, cattle, &c., which was soon, however, most unfeelingly curtailed and interfered with by an uneasy gentleman, who, with a very improper disregard of respectable people's feelings, set himself to work to check this profitable trade, and intercept the supplies intended for the Philadelphia market.

By proclamation from Washington, all such supplies had been declared forfeited, if taken; and backed by this authority, this restless gentleman had raised a troop at his own expense, selling his property to secure the means. He had gathered around him and equipped a crew of reckless dare devils, worth but little perhaps for the regular line, but invaluable for such purposes as he had in view. They were all good riders, knew every foot of the country, cared for nothing, and were the terror of all the staid, sober farmers, who wanted to turn an honest penny by trade with the city. They were a wild, restless crew, though under good discipline, fitting here and there by night, seeming to be everywhere at once, and causing the utmost perplexity to the honest farmers aforesaid, who never sent a load of wheat or corn, or a few cattle to the city, without devoutly praying that "Captain Allen McLane and his boys might be a dozen miles out of reach of them."

One cold winter's night, a small detachment of this band were scouting in the woods near where Manayunk now stands, and not far from the road which leads to Norristown. It was a bright moonlight night, perfectly still, and cold enough to make the snow "crunch" audibly under the horses' feet, as the party moved along among the trees, keeping a sharp lookout upon the road which was in sight. Cold it was, they seemed to be in high spirits, and were laughing and jesting merrily enough,

and comparing notes of some of their recent scouting adventures. The conversation was carried on in a low tone, and the laughter never rose above what is elegantly termed a "snigger." Their object was to see, and not be seen, until it was too late to escape from them; so that the crunching of the snow under the horses' hoofs was the only sound that could have been heard from the road.

The party were moving on in rather straggling order among the trees, when a quick order, rather hissed than spoken, "Close up! Silence in the ranks!" was heard from the lead; the leader stopped his horse and ordered a halt. The trained horses stopped in their tracks instantly, and their riders sat breathing in breathless silence.

A confused tramping of hoofs and the faint "creaching" sound of heavily loaded wheels moving over the hard snow, bore audible testimony to the quickness of the leader's hearing. These sounds were accompanied by the suppressed calls of the driver: "Gee-e-sow, Buck! where you gain?" "Wo! whaw!" suddenly, Buck had evidently "geed" a little too much. "Whaw, now; come hither!"

Part of the scouts silently filed into the road and stood there waiting near the curve from behind which the advancing footsteps were approaching, while the rest pushed rapidly and silently on, to get in their rear and intercept any attempt at flight.

"I say, Cale," said a voice, "spose McLane's men's about?"

"Spose they ain't," answered Cale, gruffly: "didn't yaller Bill say they was all over at the York Road, this afternoon? Yer always a tryin' to skeer yerself about McLane's men."

"I reckon," said the other, "they'll do skeerin' enough for both on us, if they nab us; an' what'll old Biram say, if they—"

The speaker stopped here—for as they came around the curve, a trooper stood before them in the middle of the road, and pronounced the single word, "Halt!" The trooper was the corporal, and the order was given in the high, clear, unmistakable voice of Jem Gilmer!

The intercepted unfortunates consisted of two men, one of whom was mounted upon a stout farm mare, accompanied by a good sized colt, and was driving half-a-dozen beef cattle, which seemed in prime condition to be converted into butcher's meat; and the other was seated upon an ox cart, drawn by a powerful yoke of oxen, and loaded with sacks of corn and flour. The fellow on horseback raised the loaded butt of the whip he carried, while the other seized one of the standards from the side of his cart, jumped to the ground, and both advanced towards Jem, having jumped at the conclusion that he was a straggler from the main body, and thinking what a nice thing it would be to carry a rebel to the city along with their fresh provisions.

"Halt! is it? We'll halt you, you rascal," said the one on horseback, who had been addressed as Cale, urging the old mare into a trot, "we'll halt you."

As he spoke he drew back his arm to strike, and at the same instant Jem's left hand had held him by the throat, while the muzzle of the cocked pistol in his right hand, rattled against the fellow's teeth before he could shut his mouth.

"Better drop that switch, and behave yourself," said Jem; "it's no use squirming; you're nabbed; the Philistines ha' got you;" he added, drawing upon his slender stock of Bible lore for an illustration; "you're caught as sure as Goliah was when Samson got him by the hair an' hung him to the aspelin' with it."

Cale glanced around for his companion; but he had taken to his heels at the first glimpse of the pistol, and had gone at full speed on the back track—plunged into the hands of the party who had taken the precaution to guard the road in the rear, and was now coming forward between two of the horses, disconcerted by the sight of them.

When Jem had eased himself of his Scriptural quotation, he gave a sharp whistle, and the men who had been standing just out of sight around the curve, came into view at once, showing to Cale the utter uselessness of resistance.

"Just take away your hand from my throat, and that shootin' iron out o' my mouth, will ye, please?" said he, "an' I'll give up; I'll say thankie too, if you'll only ketch that steakin' runaway, Mike Jones, and give him a good larrupin'!"

"We don't larrup our prisoners," said Jem, "unless," he added, significantly, after a pause, "unless they git sassy, and give trouble; tryin' to raise an alarm or anything o' that kind."

Cale, who had pricked up his ears while Jem was speaking, and was listening eagerly, though not to him, heard the last words, and subsided at once from his air of eager attention, into a look of most stolid indifference, and answered carelessly,

"Don't see much use in raisin' an alarm when there's nothin' to be got by it; who'd hear it, I wonder?"

"Exactly so," said Jem; "I heard 'em, too; you've sharp ears;" then, turning to his men, "we must cut for it; I think we can carry the plunder with us though; for they're a mile off yet."

"Who're a mile off, Corporal?" inquired one of the men.

"The red-coats; don't you hear 'em? There's fifty of 'em if there's a man."

All sat listening intently, and through the dead stillness of the air the dullest ear could distinguish the faint clash and jingle caused by the movement of a body of cavalry.

"Start the cattle straight up the hill through the woods," said Jem, addressing two of the men near him, "and get 'em out o' sight without makin' any noise; when you get through make a bee-line for the Rocks. Tom, take that fellow," pointing to Mike, who stood shivering between cold and fright, "on your horse before you, and keep him quiet; the rest of you take a bag apiece from the cart; you'll have to carry double to-night; you, come along with me"—to Cale—"an' keep your throat still, or I'll make an extra hole in it for you to understand? If you speak above a whisper or raise so much as a finger to make an alarm, you're a dead man; come alongside

o' me; Johnson, come on the other side of him, and if he makes any noise or tries to get away, kill him."

"Yes, sir," answered Johnson, coming alongside, and speaking as coolly as if killing people was the most commonplace thing in the world, "yes, sir; I reckon he won't get off."

It took but a minute to give and obey these orders, and the party struck through the woods in profound silence, following the cattle which had started a little in advance, and were making the best of their way up the hill. As they disappeared among the trees a party of British light horse appeared coming forward at a sharp trot, and halted at the sight of the cattle and even standing in the middle of the road with no one near them. The sharp eye of the party he was watching rein up his horse at the edge of it, and look around. While the man was rubbing the snow out of his eyes, Jem contrived to get behind a thick clump of chestnut saplings, where he stood motionless for a full minute, while the trooper gazed steadily into the wood. The latter had turned his horse, as if inclined to ride back and explore the ground, and Jem had half drawn a pistol from his holster, prepared, as a forlorn hope, to shoot him, and then make off, up the hill, so as to lead off the pursuit from his party, when a quick, stern order from the front, "Close up there! close up in the rear!" recalled the trooper, and he turned away and trotted up to his place in the ranks.

Jem then dismounted and stepped forward, moving from tree to tree, until he reached the edge of the wood, and screening himself from view behind a large tree, watched carefully the progress of his unwelcome neighbors.

They were soon hidden from view by the snow, which was now driving more furiously than ever.

Looking back from this point, he saw how completely he had been screened by the clump of saplings; for, though he knew exactly where to look, he could not catch a glimpse of his horse, nor of the rest of his party, who were not more than half a dozen paces beyond the latter. Satisfied with this, he ventured to give a whistle, and the trained horse emerged at once from the spot where he had been standing like a statue, and came trotting down to him like a dog.

As he mounted, he heard a low whistle further down, among the trees; he listened a moment, and it was repeated, apparently nearer; looking in the direction whence the sound came, ready for a fight or a run, as the case might demand, he was relieved by the approach of a horseman, who, his keen eye saw at a glance, was Phil.

He called him by name, and the latter rode up at once.

"I thought it was you, corporal," said he, "but I wasn't quite certain."

"Yes, it's me," answered Jem, "all right, so far; where's Jerry and the cattle?"

"Down in the hollow, a little piece back; I heard the red coats a goin' by, and we laid low 'till they got past, and sin' then I've been a watchin' 'em. Whew! what a night it is," he exclaimed, as a fresh blast came howling across the river, driving the snow in whirling clouds around them; "I'm afraid we can't git them cattle along through the drifts."

"We man't try it," said Jem; "I don't feel like givin' 'em up yet; go back and drive 'em up here as quick as you can."

Phil went back as he was ordered, and Jem rode back a short distance, and placing two of his fingers in his mouth, gave a long whistle as a signal to his party. They appeared in a moment, moving down the hill, and all advanced to the road. In a few minutes the two amateur drivers appeared with their charge, and the whole party took up their march along the road, Jem resuming his place in advance. The track was entirely obliterated and was much obstructed by drifts, through which the doubly loaded horses and the cattle had to break their way, sometimes knee deep. There was no danger of their coming up to the enemy again, for the latter were pushing for the city as fast as they could go, and being unencumbered, went four feet to the Americans' two; finally, about daybreak, Jem reached the camp safely with his "plunder," but with men, horses and cattle completely worn out, and half dead with the cold and exposure of their terrible night's work.

—*CHAPTER XII.*

CORPORAL JEM VISITS PHILADELPHIA.

The sun rose with the snow still falling, but towards noon it slackened, and soon after ceased entirely. In the afternoon the clouds broke away, and the sun shone out gloriously on the white mantle that covered hill and hollow, river and creek.

Jem had made his report to Captain McLane in the morning, and had received orders to have one of the cattle slaughtered for the use of the troops, and to despatch the rest, together with the grain and flour, to the army at Valley Forge.

"You say," continued the Captain, after having given these orders, "that you brought along the men with you, observed him suddenly straighten himself in the saddle, and draw a full, quick breath; one heavy hand was over his mouth as quick as lightning, and the point of a long, keen knife which Jem carried in his belt in addition to his sword, picked the fellow's throat 'till the blood came.

"Curse you," he hissed, "goin' to hell, were ye? Didn't tell you to keep quiet? If I see you do that much again, I'll slit your windpipe!"

This warning was not lost upon Cale, who was speaking, and was listening eagerly, though not to him, heard the last words, and subsided at once from his air of eager attention, into a look of most stolid indifference, and answered carelessly,

"Don't see much use in raisin' an alarm when there's nothin' to be got by it; who'd hear it, I wonder?"

"Exactly so," said Jem; "I heard 'em, too; you've sharp ears;" then, turning to his men, "we must cut for it; I think we can carry the plunder with us though; for they're a mile off yet."

"Who're a mile off, Corporal?" inquired one of the men.

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"Yes, sir," answered Johnson, coming alongside, and speaking as coolly as if killing people was the most commonplace thing in the world, "yes, sir; I reckon he won't get off."

The direct course that all were pursuing would soon lead them to where the wood curved so as to form a right angle with it, and where it thought it probable the enemy would emerge from the wood, and move directly back to the city, by the "Ridge."

He moved cautiously forward, keeping a sharp lookout, until he came within a short distance of the road, and saw the last of the party he was watching rein up his horse at the edge of it, and look around. While the man was rubbing the snow out of his eyes, Jem contrived to get behind a thick clump of chestnut saplings, where he stood motionless for a full minute, while the trooper gazed steadily into the wood.

It was skinned, cut up, the choice pieces,

such as the roasting ribs, sirloin, &c., pickled out, and ready it would have putted any but a butcher to tell that the fresh, juicy-looking meat, with the tender fat which adorned it, had ever belonged to anything but a well-fed young steer.

In the course of two hours more, Jem was in the city, disguised as a country butcher, having his meat in a light, covered cart drawn by the old mare. Having ascertained where Sir William Howe's quarters were, Jem proceeded to the house, which was in Chestnut street, opposite the present Custom House, and was the building which was afterwards occupied for many years as the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank.

Jem had no difficulty in disposing of his meat at a good price, which was paid in gold and silver, which he deposited, with a great show of carelessness, in a greasy leather pouch, and was about to drive away, when an orderly appeared at the door and called him into the house, saying that His Excellency wished to speak to him. Jem followed him into a handsomely furnished room, warmed by a cheerful wood fire, in front of which stood a large table, covered with papers and writing materials.—Near the table, in an easy chair, sat a large, dignified-looking man, in a military undress, whom Jem at once recognized, from his general resemblance to Washington, as Sir William Howe.

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"Then it must be gone straight through him without hurtin' him," said the first speaker.

"Just so," said Jem; "an' then I saw more than that; the sun was shinin' clear, an' he had no shadow."

"No shadow!" said one of the men, "what does that mean?"

"It means he has sold himself to Old Nick," answered Jem; "don't you know when a man makes a bargain with the old sinner, he takes his shadow for a pledge, an' keeps it 'till the bargain's ended?"

"Do tell!" exclaimed the little man who had spoken before, "can you always know 'em that way?"

"Yes," said Jem, soberly, "whenever you see a man without a shadow, you may know he's the devil or one of his servants."

This was a new idea to the little man, and after opening his eyes very widely at the announcement, he collapsed into a state of profound meditation. Jem went on regaling his hearers with the most astounding inventions concerning the miraculous adventures and escapes of the captain, all of which he accounted for by his supernatural powers, professing to have his information upon the most reliable authority.

I have intimated before Jem's power of gravely telling the most tremendous lies with a perfectly unmoved countenance, and with an air of quiet and matter-of-fact sincerity, an apparent entire belief in the truth of what he was saying, that would have deceived any one who did not know him well. It was a power he never used, however, unless there was some specific object, as at present, to be gained by it. Having gained his object, which was to satisfy the men around him that he was one of themselves, by his denunciations of McLane and of his own particular self, Corporal Gilmer, of whom he also told some wonderful stories, in the third person, he managed to pick up a good deal of information about the garrison, the localities of the principal officers' quarters, ready plans for the seizure of himself and his commander, &c., which he carefully stowed away in his memory for future use.

While they were talking, a large stalwart looking man entered the room and sat down by the fire. He appeared to be acquainted with all present except Jem, at whom he glanced two or three times, but without any apparent recognition. Jem, in turn, looked at him attentively, puzzled with a dim recollection of the broad, grimy face and grizzled hair, but totally unable to place them. The new comer joined freely in the conversation, and soon made it evident which side he was on by his free strictures upon the conduct of the soldiery, and especially by his fiery denunciations of Sir William Howe, for allowing "such a blood-lapping wild beast," as he politely denominated Cunningham, to be at the head of the "provost."

"Take care, Larkins," said one of the men, "if you talk that way about Cunningham, and he ever gets you under his claws, he'll pay you for it."

"He ever lays his hand on me," answered Larkins, "in that kind of payment, I'll give him a receipt in full that will last him forever," and the blacksmith raised his heavy arm and brought down his clenched fist upon his knee with a force that ought to have dislocated the joint: "he had better not let McLane's men get hold of him; they'll hang him up by the heels, if they do."

"How are they to get at him?" inquired Jem, with an air of well assumed contempt: "they don't go far from the prison, I suppose, and I don't believe the rebels have any man among 'em fools enough to come into the city after him."

"They've been in the city, before now, openly and disguised," answered the other, with a meaning look at Jem, shot from under his steamy eyebrows. "McLane's men are everywhere where people don't look for them. I shouldn't wonder if some of them were in the city at this moment," he added with another quick glance at Jem, who understood it at once; "I hope they won't get caught."

"I suppose they'd go to the 'provost' if they were," said Jem, coolly.

"And from there to the gallows; if I could see one, I would advise him to get out of the city as soon as possible, and keep clear of the soldiers in doing it. They are very suspicious."

The blacksmith spoke quietly and with no particular emphasis; but Jem, whose senses were all on the alert, beneath his off-hand easy exterior, detected a covert meaning in his tone and his occasional glances, which satisfied him that the speaker recognized him, and at least suspected him of being one of the very men who were the subject of conversation. As he looked at him more attentively, it flashed upon his recollection that it was the man who had carried him in from the street, the day he brought the news from Brandywine. He would have recognized him at first, for Jem was not one to forget a face he had once seen, but at the time I have mentioned, his senses were all in such a confused state that nothing that he saw left any very distinct impression. He saw very clearly now, however, that the blacksmith remembered him, and was endeavoring to warn him, without exciting suspicion.

After a few minutes more conversation, Jem rose, remarking,

"I'm use a-goin'. Friend," he continued, addressing Larkins, "can you tell me of a blacksmith, near? Somethin's the matter with the mare's off fore shoe."

"I reckon," said one of the men around the fire, "if you want sayin' like that done, you won't find anybody to beat Larkins, if he is a rebel."

"I suppose the shoe won't stay on any worse for that," answered Jem, stepping to the bar; "let me have a glass of whiskey, to keep the cold out; here's success to the good cause," he added, tossing the liquor down his throat, and with this somewhat equivocal toast, he walked out in company with the blacksmith, and they mounted the cart together and drove off to the latter's shop.

There was a good deal of speculation as to who the stranger might be, among the group around the fire, and a great many conjectures were made, all very wise of the mark.

The landlady had known him from the first,

but she was a warm whig at heart, and consequently kept her own counsel, and took care to throw no light upon the subject.

"I was afraid you wouldn't understand my hints," said Larkins, as they rode along; "I've been wanting to get you away for the last quarter of an hour; there is a sharp look-out kept for spies, and they watch every stranger like hawks."

"I see you know me," said Jem; "and, first and foremost, I have to thank you for helping me into the tavern once, when I couldn't help myself."

"Never mind that," answered Larkins; "I've done as much for anybody else; but here we are at the shop, and I'll take a look at the mare's shoe."

"Oh," said Jem, "the mare's shoe will do very well; I only said that to make an excuse for getting you out with me."

"H'm!" answered his companion, "I guessed as much; but—don't look around—we're watched. I'll tinker at it, and throw 'em off the scent; there's one of the fellows from the tavern—don't look around—follow us; he suspects something, and we'll have to be careful."

The two men then dismounted, and Larkins went to the mare's fore foot, lifted it, and after examining it, went into his shop, and returning with some tools, deliberately went through the motions of tightening the shoe.

Jem, as he dismounted, took the opportunity of glancing behind him, and saw one of his late companions sauntering along the street, a short distance back. He took no apparent notice of him, merely nodding as the fellow sauntered past without stopping. As the man turned a corner of the street, and passed out of sight, Jem inquired of the blacksmith who he was.

"He's a rascal I should like to see tarred and feathered," answered Larkins; "a treacherous, sneaking cur, that tries to carry favor with the British General by reporting conversations that he hides in corners to hear, and getting our people sent to the Provost. The fellow groaned as his tormentor went on in a jolly, sociable way, as if he had been giving the pleasantest information in the world; he knew too well the kind of welcome he might expect from a troop of exasperated men, more than half of whom had to thank him for the arrest and imprisonment, or the confiscation of property of some friend or relative or acquaintance.

From the moment McLane's name was mentioned, the prisoner gave up all thought of resistance, satisfied that he was in the hands of one of the reckless, dare-devil troopers; and satisfied further by the sight of the knife of which he had heard more than once, that his previous suspicions were correct, and that his captor was no other than the redoubtable Corporal himself.

Fortunately for Jem, the struggle at the commencement was hidden by the coverings of the cart, which were down at the sides and behind; the old mare, too, finding the lines slackened, had started off at her own accord, in a steady jog trot. As soon as Jem had placed his unwilling companion upon the seat, he resumed his place beside him, gathered up the lines, and with a brief word of warning, touched the mare with the whip, and drove rapidly off into the open country.

"What do you mean?" inquired the other, as well as he could speak, in his half-choked condition,—"what's the matter—are you crazy?"

"I'll tell you what's the matter!" said Jem, relaxing his grasp a little, finding that the man was growing black in the face; "but first an' foremost, if you speak above a whisper, or move hand or foot,"—he raised the knife significantly—"you understand? You're my prisoner! captive of my spear and prancing-hoof!" said Jem airing his slender stock of Scripture again; "an' you're going quietly along with me, to have a palaver with Captain McLane."

"Captain McLane!" said the fellow, starting as well as he could under the weight of Jem's knee, which still held him down. His face grew pale as death.

"Yes," said Jem, drawing an odd cotton handkerchief from his pocket, "yes, the Captain's a great friend of yours, an' wants to see you bad. The men want to see you too; put your hands behind you; stay, you can't do it on your back; turn over, but don't try to get up, 'cause, if you do"—another suggestive movement of the knife—"so, that's right," as the fellow, relieved momentarily from Jem's hand and knee, turned over upon the seat;

"now, you see," said he, as he buried himself in tying the man's hands, which he crossed over his back, "there, that's comfortable; now I'll help you up, taking him by one hand, and lifting him into a sitting position; you see, the men talk a great deal about you, what a nice fellow you are, an' all that, an' they'll give you such a warm welcome it'll make you sick."

The market here is the finest I have ever seen, and that is a great deal for a Philadelphian to admit. The market-houses are similar to those in Philadelphia, but much wider. The first was entirely allotted to meat, which was finely displayed; all the butchers were negroes with one or two exceptions. If your eye rested on a moment, we heard "Massa, fine beef, mutton, lamb," &c.; at the same time there was a tip of the hat which amused us very much. There was a fine assortment of meat, game, and poultry; most of the latter are brought alive to market, which creates some squeaking. The next two or three markets were devoted to vegetables. These market-houses were divided off into stalls, about ten or twelve feet wide, forming hollow squares in the centre of each stood a negro woman. These women represented all ages and shades; some were the most comical looking old darkeys. All had their turbans fancifully arranged, and many got on platforms so as to appear well over the stalls. There is a shelf all around these stalls, on which vegetables are displayed in the most tempting manner: even potatoes are polished, and specimens put in small boxes. I never saw a finer display of vegetables even in our own summer market. The style in which all are offered here is really beautiful; and the negroes cry first one thing, and then another, as you pass. In the last market there was a great display of fruit, pineapples, oranges, bananas, apples, &c. Most of the stalls, not excepting those in the meat market, were decorated with bouquets composed chiefly of roses and japonicas. There is no doubtting the taste, and also pride, which these negroes display in the arrangements of their stalls.

I must also remark upon the great quantity of "buzzards," which act as scavengers in this city. On market days particularly, you see them roaming around through the market-houses, or sitting on the house-tops, at pleasure. One strange fact is they never make their appearance in the city on Sunday. In this they differ from the "buzzards" which infest other large cities, who generally pride themselves upon their Sunday appearance.

We have visited St. Michael's Church, the oldest in the city, it having been built by the British before the Revolution. We mounted to the top of the steeple, but found it a pretty hard road to travel, part of the way being as dark as midnight. In this steeple are the chimes of bells which were taken to England at the time Charleston was ransacked, but which were returned after the war, and again placed in the steeple. We have a fine view of the city from the top, which fully repays you for the ascent; and there was also a certain pleasure in mounting those old stone steps, which are so worn by the footsteps of past generations.

This letter has grown so long, that I must only mention things we visited without particular description.

The cotton press and rice mill we found entertaining and instructive. We had a fine drive out to Magnolia Cemetery, which lies quite handsomely, and has some monuments of great beauty.

The fever of last year made many sad hearts, which influences the gait of this winter. We notice so many who are in the deepest mourning, that in the church it seemed as though two-thirds of the congregation wore that sombre dress.

We leave for home to-morrow. I will therefore bid you adieu, trusting I have had many kind though unseen companions in these my pleasant journeys.

A.

"I will tell you my rule. Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber should not be much used till they are seasoned."—*Holmes.*

"Never be faint-hearted. Have plenty of pluck, my son. Supposing the whole world is against you? Never mind; go in and fight the entire world. The world is so formed that you are sure to beat it hollow."—*Punch.*

Small parks are scattered over the city, producing a pretty effect, and at the same time contributing much to the health of the citizens by allowing a free circulation of air. At the termination of Bull street, which is the fashionable promenade, there is an extensive park, in the centre of which there is a large and finely designed marble fountain. Also, on the same street, is the statue of General Pulaski, mounted on his war steed, which is poised on a high pedestal—a very elegant piece of workmanship and a great ornament to the city.

Japonicas and other flowers are blooming in the gardens. There is never a day passes without some of the ladies receiving beautiful bouquets of these choice flowers. Frequently they are exquisitely arranged on flat dishes, the deep crimson and the snowy white lying side by side, surrounded by a border of their dark shining leaves.

Savannah is very beautifully laid out—the streets are broad, many having two rows of trees through the centre. But few are paved. The soil is very sandy, and in some seasons there is much inconvenience in driving, owing to its heinousness.

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SOCIAL.—About two years ago, Mr. William Donnelly, the gentlemanly postmaster at the Blairsburg intersection, Westmoreland county, Pa., received, as a present from a friend, two large rattlesnakes, which he preserved in a box covered with glass. After keeping them some time, it was but natural to suppose that the "pet" should be "a hanger." Acting upon this idea, and being under the impression that snakes would only eat living food, Mr. Donnelly caught four or five little mice, and put them in the cage with their slimy companions, to be, as was then supposed, devoured at a single gulp. But, to the astonishment of the beholders, the snake, for several days, *crawled* over the snake, with seeming zest, and enjoyed themselves "as well as could be expected under the circumstances." Finally, one of the mice, being gnawed with hunger, commenced gnawing at the snakes. During this operation, his amanuensis would sometimes remain perfectly quiet; but, on other occasions, would raise his head and dart forth his forked tongue, at which time "our small rodent quadruped" would make a "straight coat tail"—or rather, tail without the coat—into a corner. But when the snake returned to its quiescent position, the mouse partook again of its *disintended* meal, and readily continued this operation until it eat so much of the flesh as to leave part of the backbone and several of the ribs on either side exposed, from which the snake finally died.

THE TURKISH WOMEN.—Quite a progressive step has been taken by the Sultan of Turkey. He has ordered a re-organization of the Turkish schools, and that provision be made for the education of girls. The Minister of Public Instruction, some time back, presented to the Sultan a complete system of education for males, in which were introduced a number of ameliorations adopted from European establishments. At present the Minister's attention has been directed to the education of girls, and he has proposed to extend very considerably the range of instruction given to females in Turkey, as a preparatory step towards the intellectual emancipation of the Mussulman women.

The Sultan has given orders to have the proposed plan carried into execution with as little delay as possible, so that henceforward Turkish girls will not only learn all the works executed with the needle, but reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history. In each of the thirteen sections of the Turkish capital six primary schools are to be established at once; and at a later period, one superior establishment in each section, to complete the education of the inferior schools.

"**THE SURVIVOR DIES.**"—The Washington correspondent of the New York Courier, speaking of the Siskler tragedy, says: "An engineer on one of our railroads had, without fault of his own, run the tremendous power under his control over a human being. The body was removed from the rail, death had done his dread work, examination was made of the circumstances, and the engineer acquitted, the homicide was not in him. Yet a little while afterward, that engineer came to the superintendent and asked to resign his place, he could not endure it any longer."

"Why do you go?" said the superintendent, "no one blames you."

"Ah," said he, "I must go. Every night I am on the road, I see that man standing before the engine."

A HOAX.—The story about the discovery of remarkable old coins, gigantic skeletons, &c., in a cave in Ohio, is an unmitigated hoax, and was written as a burlesque.

STIMULANTS.
Those requiring the assistance of a stimulant should use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. They contain no alcohol or injurious ingredients, and yet possess great stimulating properties, followed by no deleterious effects. If you are suffering from Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, these Bitters will speedily and permanently cure you. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

TO CURE A COUGH, to relieve all irritations of the throat, to prevent hoarseness, to restore to perfect soundness and health, the most delicate organization of the human frame—the Lungs—use Wista's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman having been restored to health in a few short afternoons of great nervous suffering, is willing to instruct others by sending (free) a coining a stamped envelope bearing the applicant's address, a copy of the prescription used. Direct the Rev. Jos. M. DAGHILL, 186 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Feb 19-104 Feb 26-44

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At North White Creek, N. Y., March 10th, 1859, by the Rev. Merritt Bates, Prof. WILLIAM A. HOLLEY, Editor of the "Fort Edward Institute Monthly," to MARY T. daughter of the officiating Clergyman, and recently Preceptor of Standestad C. E. Anderson.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kendall, Mr. CALVIN KELLEY, to Miss SALLIE H. SCHOFIELD, both of Montgomery county.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durhew, Mr. JOHN LANGE, to Miss MARIA DAVIES, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnson, Mr. WILLIAM CURRIE, to Miss ELIZA CUNNINGHAM.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. JOSEPH T. LAIR, to Miss SOPHIA A. CHARLES, both of this city.

On the 15th of Jan. by the Rev. John Chambers, George P. W. Lewis, to SALLIE, daughter of the late Geo. Wylie, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. Ward, THOMAS B. BRANDRETH, to SARAH KRIDER, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. R. A. Carden, HARRY T. HORTON of Medina, to MARY, daughter of John McAvoy, of this city.

DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, ALBERT PRICE, son of John S. and Mary L. Biehl, aged 1 year and 10 days.

On the 5th instant, ELLIS, wife of Mathew McDonald, aged 30 years.

On the 1st instant, B. STIRLING WILSON, aged 37 years.

On the 4th instant, Mr. JAMES M. WEILER, aged 23 years.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. CATHERINE E. WARNAK, aged 82 years.

On the 6th instant, SAMUEL MYERS, aged 65.

On the 5th instant, Mr. WILLIAM STOWMAN, aged 73 years.

On the 6th instant, CATHERINE ARMSTRONG, aged 70 years.

On the 6th instant, Mr. BENJAMIN WHITCOMB, aged 61 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. REBECCA LIVY, aged 35 years.

On the 6th instant, MARY A. MORELAND, aged 45 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. HULDA HYLAND, aged 54 years.

On the 28th ultimo, BERTZ. WHITCRAFT, aged 61 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH MENCH, aged 50 years.

JONES HORN, of Kentucky, has been appointed Postmaster-General in the place of A. V. Brown, deceased. Mr. Holt was formerly Commissioner of Patents.

In New Hampshire the whole Republican State ticket is elected, including the three Congressmen.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THOMAS POTTER, Manufacturer.

N. B.—Orders from all parts of the country collected, and great care taken in filling them.

jan 29-51

CONTRACTS.

NEW PENNY A YEAR.

WANTED: AGENTS, EVERYWHERE.

THE ANNIVERSARY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK, No. 1, contains 32 tunes and hymns. Price 2 cents each, \$2 per hundred.

THE ANNIVERSARY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK, No. 2, contains 36 tunes and hymns. Price 3 cents each, \$2 per hundred.

THE ANNIVERSARY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK, No. 3, contains 50 tunes and hymns. Price 4 cents each, \$2 per hundred.

THE REVIVAL PENNY MUSIC BOOKS Nos. 1 and 2. No. 1 contains 18 tunes and hymns. Price one cent. No. 2 contains 36 tunes and hymns. Price 3 cents each, \$2 per hundred.

Postage one cent each.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL BELL contains 151 tunes and hymns. Price 12 cents each, \$18 per hundred, postage 2 cents each; elegantly bound, 20 cents each, \$15 per hundred.

THE WESTMINSTER COLLECTION OF SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNS AND TUNES, for the Sabbath Schools of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York, contains 150 tunes and hymns, and is beautifully bound. Price 20 cents each, \$15 per hundred, in paper covers, 12 cents each, \$1.20 per hundred. Where 500 copies are ordered the name of the school or church will be put on if desired.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING—SATANIC OPERATIONS OF IT, from Intercepted Letters. An eight page Tract. Price 25 cents per dozen, \$1.50 per hundred.

mar 5-15

BOOK AGENTS!

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jan 22-13

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Wit and Humor.

An Ode of Persian Laundry.—Artemus Ward, showman, writes to the Cleveland Plain Dealer as follows:

By twin virtuous I've won a repartition for hemistich which few showmen (alas, alas for the perfidious!) injoy & by attendin strictly to blisss I've snared a hanum competency, & my show is stalked by few & eschew by none, eschew as it does a wunderful culpeckshus of bliv wild beasts and spax, a simile variety of wax figures of life size & the only transmigrants in Ameriky—the most amazin little cases ever introduced to a discriminating public.

& why am I sad? methinks I hear ye ask, Jentle reader. Beows I feel that the Show Blisss, which I've stroven to ornament, is but usurped by Poplar Lecture, as they air called, in my opinion they are popular humbugs.—Eastern individuals, mostly from Boston, who git hard up, embark in the lecturis blisss.—They eran themselves with hi soundin frads, fringle up their hair, git trusid for a sort of black chuse, & sum out West to lectur at 50 dollars a pop. They aye over stockt with beans, but they havn't enuf to make sufficient kitties to bite all the supe that will be required by the enswash sixteen ginsengs. People flock to hear um in crowds. The men go becaws its popular & the winis folks ge to see what other winis folks hav on. When its over the lecturer goes and regales himself with gin and sugar, while the peple say, "What a charming lecture that air was!" stettery, setterary, when 9 out of 10 of um don't have no more idea of what the lecturer sed than hangar has of the seventh spear of hevan.—Theres more infarnumous to be gut out of a well conditined newspaper—price 4 cents—than there is out of 10 poplar lectures 25 or 50 dollars a pop, as the case may be. These same people, bare in mine, stick up their nests at moral wax figgers and sagacious beasts. They say those things is low. Genta, it grieves my hart in my old age, when I'm in "the Shee and yellow leaf" (to cote from my Irish friend Mister McBeth), to see that the Show Blisss is pretty much plaid out. Howsoever I shall chance it agains in the Spring. Ime negoshiatin with the last Joury in the Hiram Cole kase & if I kin git them remarkable bliv curiosities I think I shall make a payin session of it.

BURNT ANECDOTES OF AMERICANS.—One of the officers in Burgoyne's army, named Anbury, after his return to Europe, in 1780, published his travels in two volumes. We make these extracts from the copy of the work owned by the Massachusetts Historical Society:

After the capture of Burgoyne's force, the Americans thronged together to see the prisoners. Lt. McNeill said to an old woman, who appeared to be near an hundred, "So, you old fool, you must come and see the lions,"—but with great arrohness she replied, "Lions! lions! I declare now I think you look more like lambs."

Speaking of the impertinent curiosity of the New Englanders, he says, that four women got into the room of a house where Lord Napier was quartered, with other officers, when one of them, with a twang peculiar to the New Engander, said, "I hear you have got a Lord among you—pray now which may he be?" His Lordship, who, by the by, was all over mire, and scarcely dry from the heavy rain that had fallen during the day's march, entered into the joke. After his tides had been duly read off, and he had been pointed out, the women got up, and one of them lifting up her hands and eyes to Heaven, with great astonishment exclaimed, "Well, for my part, if that be a Lord, I never desire to see any other Lord but the Lord Jehovah."

"HAD AT THE BEST, AND BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE."—Time, towards evening—place, forks of the road somewhere in North Carolina—log cabin close by—red-headed boy whistling—enter traveller, on an old gray mare, both looking pretty well "beat out." Traveller—"Say, boy, which of these roads go to Milton?" "Stuttering boy—" B-b-bout on 'em goes that." Traveller—"Well, which is the quickest way?" Boy—"B-b-bout alike; b-b-bout on 'em gets there b-b-bout the same t-t-time of day." Traveller—"How far is it?" Boy—"Bout four miles." Traveller—"Which is the best road?" Boy—"T-t-they ain't many one the b-best! If you take the right hand, and go about a m-mile, you'll wish you was back; and if you t-t-turn back, and take the b-best hand one, by the time you have g-g-gone half a m-mile, you'll wish you had kept on the other r-e-r-road!" Glang!"

"HOLD ON DAB."—The Pugna (S. C.) Register has the following in a recent issue describing an incident among the slaves:

Quite a revival is now in progress at the African Church in this city. We were present a few evenings since, and witnessed, with much gratification, their earnest devotion. Of the incidents we cannot fail to note; one a brother called out in a stentorian voice:

"Who dat praying ober dar?"

The response was:

"Dat's brudder Mose."

"Hold on daz, brudder Mose!" was the dictum of the former, "you let brudder Ryan pray; he's better 'quainted wid de Lord dan you am."

Brudder Mose dried up, and brudder Ryan prayed.

A PAIR OF TUNAS.—"John," quoth the gentle Julia, to her sleepy bed one warm morning at a late hour, "I wish you'd take pattern by the thermometer."

"As how?" muttered her wifes half, opening her eyes.

"Why, by rising."

"H'm; I wish you would imitate that other sassafras that hangs up by it—the barometer."

"Why so?"

"Cause, then you'd let me know when a storm is coming."

Well matched that.

A Yankie, describing an opponent, says,—"I tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic—add him up, and there's nothing to carry."

WHAT HE HAD EARNED.—Jo Whitehill, of Columbus, Tenn., formerly Treasurer of State, was a rough joker, even in his office.

Some twenty years ago a veritable member of the General Assembly, called at the State Treasury and said he wanted some money.

"How much do you want?" said Whitehill.

"Well! I—don't—know!" said the member.

"How do you suppose I can pay you money, then, if you don't know?"

"Well, then, pay me about what I have earned."

"Earned!" said Whitehill, "earned! you are a member of the Legislature, isn't you? and if that's all you want, I can pay you off what you've earned! very easy. Bob, give this member that ten dollar counterfeit bill, we've had so long!"

A LESSON TO A ROUGH GENTLEMAN.—Some people have a rough manner about them, which neither education, boot-blacking, nor rotten stone can ever polish. One of that sort opens the door of a worm-room, with a rush, and bellows:

"Do you know which is Thompson's room?"

"I do," is the mild answer.

"Well, which is it?" growls the interrogator.

"Permit me to ask," says the other, "if you are armed."

"No—why inquire?"

"I thought, sir, by your peremptory manner, that you intended to have either a satisfactory answer or my life."

BREAKING BAD NEWS GENTLE.—During the summer of 1849, a Mr. James Wilson, of West Jersey, died with cholera while some fifty miles from home. John Rogers was employed to convey the dead body in a wagon to his friends and home. By inquiry, he learned the precise house of the deceased. On driving to the door he called to a respectably appearing lady, who was in fact the newly-made widow and asked:

"Does Mr. Wilson live here?"

"Yes," was her reply, "but he is not at home to day."

"I know he's not at home now, but he will be very soon, for I've got him here dead in the wagon!"

AFFECTING.—A person following close behind a couple returning from a juvenile party at a fashionable residence in Pittsfield, a few weeks since, happened to overhear the young gentleman thus address his companion in a voice of the tenderest solicitude:

"Charlotte Angelina, you must not set your youthful affections on me, for I am doomed to an early grave—mother says I'm troubled with worms."

An involuntary cough from the listener interrupted the self-devoting reply which, of course, was leaping to Charlotte Angelina's lips.

CORRUPTION.—The editor of the Lebanon Herald perpetrates the following:

"Why are the young ladies of Lebanon, when they try to make a 'conquest' of a gentleman, like a band of untamed Indians about to engage in mortal combat?"

"D'y give it up?"

"Because they enter upon the contest with a (w) hoop!"

He deserved to be pinched to death by old maids.

THE YOUNG LADIES OF SYDNEY.—At thirteen years of age they have more ribbons, jewels, and lovers, than perhaps any other young ladies of the same age in the universe. They prattle—and very insipidly, too—from morning till night. They rush to the Botanical Gardens twice a week, to hear the band play. They wear as much gold chain as the Lord Mayor in his state robes. As they walk you hear the tinkles of their bunches of charms and nuggets, as if they carried bells on their fingers and rings on their toes. The first time I visited the theatre I saw near a young lady who wore at least half-a-dozen rings over her white gloves, and who, if bare, mosquito-bitten shoulders may be deemed beautiful, showed more beauty than I ever saw a young lady display before. Generally, the colonial damsels are frivolous, talkative and over dressed. They have, in brief, all the light, unenviable qualities of Eastern women. They excel in fineness. I heard of a young lady who, wishing to make a dillatory gentleman, who had been for some time hovering about her, definitely propose, had her boxes packed and placed conspicuously in the hall of her father's house, thus labelled "Miss F. Jackson, passenger by the Archimedean Screw for England." "If that doesn't bring him to book," she was heard to declare to her mother, "I'll get Fred to thrash him!"

Southern Lights and Shadows.

MIXING THE WREBBERS A LITTLE.—I heard a story, day before yesterday, which I am assured is authentic, which illustrates the confused ideas well-educated Englishmen have of our most remarkable men." An Englishman, about nine years ago, who might be supposed to know better, thus addressed an American:—"So, I see one of your great men has come to grief; I am very sorry for it, as I knew him a little when he was here." "I don't understand you," replied the American, "whom do you mean?" "Why, your great man that I have heard you and your countrymen talk about—Mr. Webster, you know, that made the dictionary." "He didn't make the dictionary, the one you mean," answered the Yankee, "but no matter for that—what has happened to him?" "Why, haven't you heard? he's been hanged at Boston, for murdering his doctor!"—Boston Correspondent of Tribune.

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FANCINATE GIRL. (to precocious little Girl).—"You are a very nice little girl; you shall be my wifey when you grow up!"

LITTLE GIRL.—"No, thank you; I don't want to have a husband; but Aunt Bessy does; I heard her say so!"

[*Sensation on the part of Aunt Bessy.*]

(Sensation on the part of Aunt Bessy.)

(Sensation on the part of Aunt